

Vol. XXIX No. 2

APRIL 12 1902

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# COLLIER'S

## WOMAN'S NUMBER



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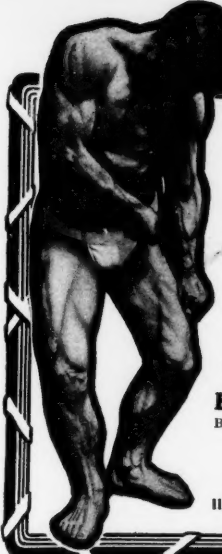

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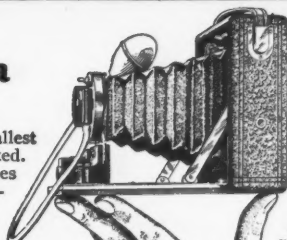
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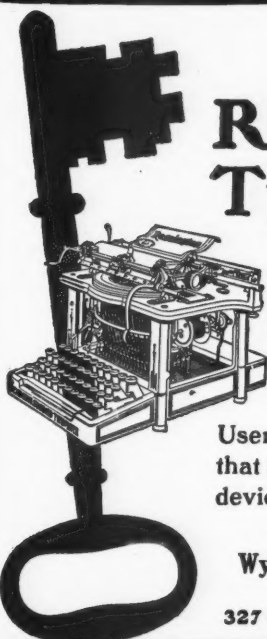
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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY



P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS : : EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES, 416-424 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET

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NUMBER TWO

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THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT, SO FAR AT LEAST AS the English speaking world is concerned, the twentieth century will witness a revolution in the political position of women. Already in some of England's Australasian colonies and in several of our own Western States the emancipation of women is complete. Even in England itself, and in some of our conservative Eastern communities, the right of women who are taxpayers to vote with reference to certain matters has been recognized. The great farming State of Iowa will probably be the next member of the Union to grant an unqualified suffrage to women. Even more noteworthy than their progress toward the attainment of political equality is their advance toward equality of opportunity in education and in professional fields. Of the newer American universities, some of which have been endowed with unparalleled munificence, almost all have adopted the plan of co-education of the sexes, and the same plan has been accepted in principle, if not in name and in form, at Harvard, Columbia and other seats of learning which, by comparison, may be termed venerable. The introduction of women duly qualified by the degrees of professional schools into the active practice of medicine or of the law has ceased to be a novelty, and we may soon expect to see them competing with men in civil and electrical engineering or in other branches of applied science. We hear of women's clubs in many of our larger cities, and these establishments should be quickly followed by women's hotels in which women unattended by men can obtain suitable accommodation. We repeat, that in the United States and throughout the British Empire the emancipation of women, the first tentative movement toward which many of us can remember, is likely to have been completed before the twentieth century is over.

THERE ARE SIGNS THAT CONSIDERABLE CHANGES are impending in the composition of the United States Supreme Court. Of the nine members of that tribunal, three—to wit, Justice Gray, Justice Shiras and Justice Harlan—are expected to retire at an early date. They will all be acutely missed, and on special as well as general grounds the task of filling their places will be difficult. It will be remembered that the decision in the case of the income tax and the decisions in the Porto Rico cases were reached in each instance by a vote of five to four. With three new judges on the bench, it is obvious that a reversal of one or more of those decisions is by no means inconceivable.

THE JOINT NOTE SUBMITTED TO THE OTHER great powers by France and Russia is, of course, not the only sequel of the British-Japanese treaty. From the moment it was announced that in certain contingencies the parties to the joint note would be found opposed to the signatories of the treaty, it became of the utmost importance to ascertain what position would in that event be taken by the great powers not as yet committed to either of those agreements. What would be done by Germany, by Italy and by Austria?—we mention these countries in the order of their naval power. Would they remain strictly neutral, or would they side either with the French-Russian or with the British-Japanese coalition? The question was put the other day by our State Department to the German Foreign Office, and an unequivocal answer was requested. The reply was that, while Germany was sincerely desirous of maintaining the "Open Door" throughout the Chinese Empire—which, of course, includes Manchuria—she would not undertake to oppose by force anything strongly desired by Russia in the Far East. As there is no doubt about the strength of the Czar's desire to acquire Manchuria, it is obvious that a free hand is given to him in that matter so far as Germany is concerned. What attitude would be assumed by Austria is a question of but little consequence, her navy being relatively insignificant; but Vienna would undoubtedly follow, with reference to the Far East, the line of policy adopted at Berlin. A few years ago England might have counted with a close approach to certainty upon the active support of the Italian warships, but, since the re-establishment of friendly commercial relations between Italy and France, and the agreement concluded between those two countries with respect to Tripoli, nothing beyond neutrality can be looked for from the Italian Government. So far, then, as Europe is concerned there would be no interference with a fight between France and Russia, on the one hand, and Japan and Great Britain on the other.

NO HONEST MAN WILL CAVIL AT THE COURSE pursued by the House of Representatives in demanding unanimously an investigation of the charges of corruption brought against members of that body by a self-styled Danish emissary, Captain Christmas, in a report made by him to the Danish Ministry, which seems to have got into print at Copenhagen. Since the shameful exposure in the Crédit Mobilier affair of the willingness of certain Representatives to sell their legislative services the popular branch of our national assembly has enjoyed a spotless reputation, and it justly resents the slightest slur on its good name. We shall watch with interest to see whether the Senate, the probity of whose members is also impeached by Captain Christmas, will show itself equally sensitive. We ourselves take for granted that there is no ground for the calumnies circulated by this Danish adventurer, but we hold that the fact ought to be conclusively and publicly established.

THE NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE HAS PASSED, and the Governor of that State has signed, a bill introduced on behalf of the United States Steel Corporation and intended to facilitate the proposed conversion of a part of the preferred stock of that huge company into second mortgage bonds. The bill provides that a condition precedent to the transaction shall be proof of the assent of two-thirds of those holders of the preferred and common stock of the corporation who shall be present in person or by proxy at a meeting of which due notice shall be given after the fourth quarterly dividend on the preferred stock shall have been paid. About the expediency of the transaction there are conflicting views, and it is probable that, but for the widespread and deep-rooted confidence in the probity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a formidable opposition to the execution of the company's plan would be organized. Some of the holders of the common stock maintain that their interests are jeopardized by the interposition of second mortgage bonds which might be foreclosed should the iron and steel industry be again subjected to a prolonged period of depression. On the other hand, it is pointed out that the proposed transaction involves an annual saving of \$1,500,000, and that to this extent the chance of a dividend on the common stock would be improved even in the least prosperous times. We repeat that it is Mr. Morgan's personality which from the start has constituted the backbone of the colossal corporation, and which, doubtless, may be relied upon to commend the projected conversion of part of the preferred stock into second mortgage bonds.

WHAT WOULD THE UNITED STATES DO IN THE event of a war between the two antagonistic combinations in the Far East? The representatives of foreign powers at Washington have of late been evincing a lively curiosity on this point. They have been besieging the State Department for information, apparently ignorant of the fact that in our country the Executive is not intrusted with the function of declaring war. That function belongs to Congress, and foreigners ought by this time to have learned that Congress will never repudiate the Monroe Doctrine, which binds us to avoid entanglements in the Old World, even on the pretext of protecting our trade in a particular section. As for our trade with Manchuria, the St. Petersburg Government would cheerfully covenant, in return for our promise of neutrality, to assure to us forever in that region all the commercial privileges hitherto enjoyed by us by virtue of treaties with China.

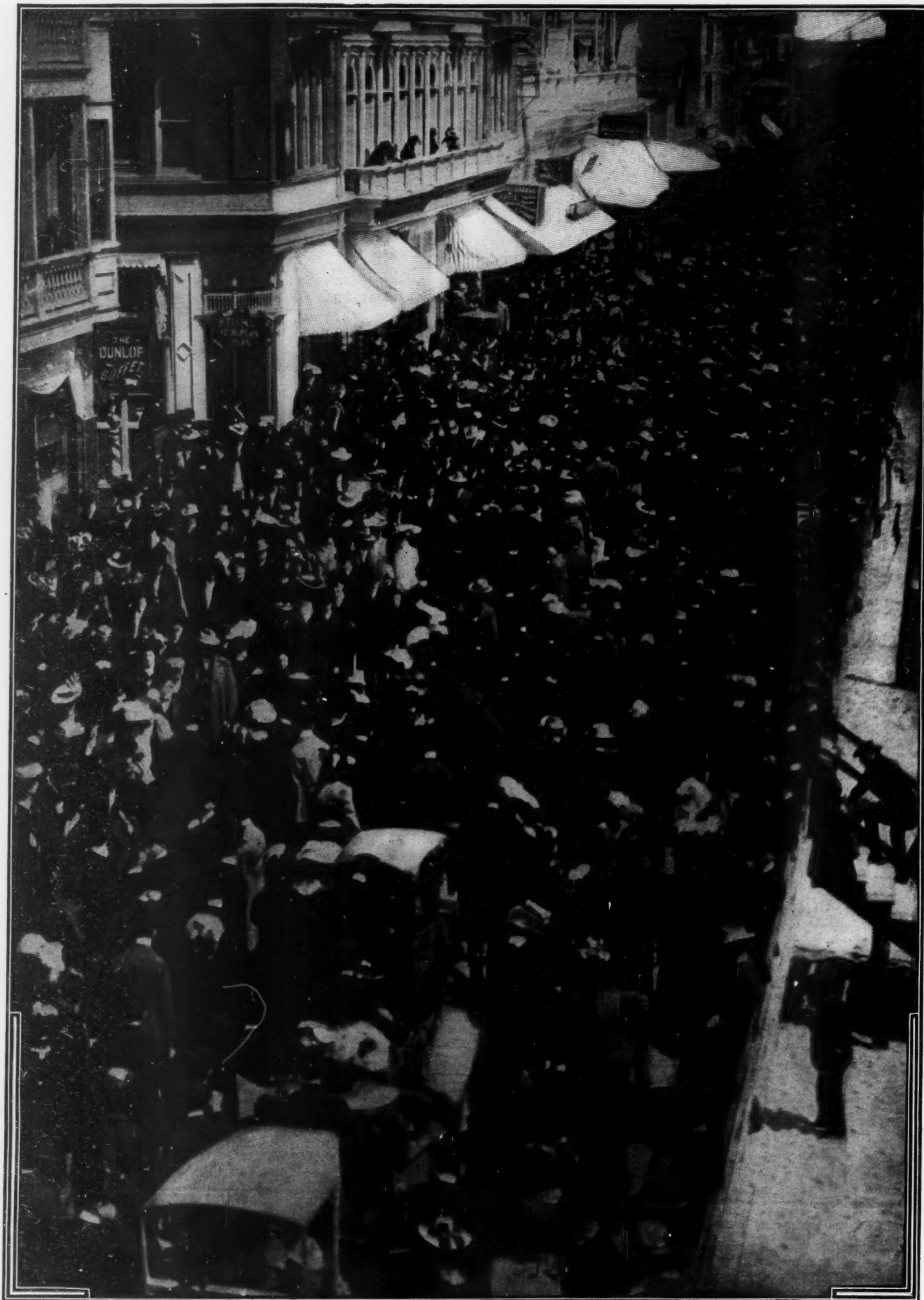
SINCE ENGLAND AT MR. GLADSTONE'S SUGGESTION renounced the Ionian Islands, and permitted them, in fulfillment of their own desire, to be incorporated with the Kingdom of Greece, no such spectacle has been witnessed as will be exhibited next May when we withdraw our troops from Cuba and definitely place that great island in the hands of its own elected government. Our War Department, it is understood, will exercise only to a limited extent the privilege granted by the Cuban Constitutional Convention, and will retain only one naval station, Guantanamo, on the southern coast, being the site selected for the purpose. The Cuba which we are about to transfer to her own people is a very different country from that which the Spaniards evacuated on January 1, 1899. Within less than three years and a half, Havana, Santiago and other insular cities which used to rank among the foulest have been placed among the

cleanest cities in the world. Yellow fever, which used to be endemic in the Cuban capital, and a continual source of danger to our own Gulf ports, has been, for the time at least, eradicated, and it will seemingly be the fault of the insular government if the scourge ever returns. A trunk railway following the backbone of the island from one end to the other has been nearly completed, and, when the contemplated branches to the seaports on either side shall have been constructed, Cuba will have, what it never before possessed, an adequate system of internal transportation. We have given Cubans a memorable example of the treatment which corruption in office ought to receive by insisting that three high functionaries connected with our provisional administration of the insular post-office should be brought to justice and severely dealt with for their embezzlements. We observe, finally, that when the island is turned over to the new government a considerable balance will be found in the Treasury, and we have no doubt that Congress will by that time have taken measures to augment the fiscal resources of the island by a material reduction in the duties levied on sugars imported from Cuba into the United States. In a word, we shall have done our utmost to launch Cuba successfully on her independent career, thus keeping in the spirit as well as in the letter the magnanimous promise made by Congress on April 18, 1898.

WE OBSERVE THAT THE MOVEMENT IN FAVOR of electing United States Senators by the popular vote of their respective States is continuing to gain momentum. There is no probability that at this session of Congress the Senate will concur in the resolution passed by the House of Representatives providing that a Constitutional amendment to that effect shall be submitted to the State Legislatures. The fact, however, should not be lost sight of that the Senate's hand may be forced. There are two ways of compelling the submission of a Constitutional amendment. The mere refusal of Congress to take the initiative cannot obstruct the popular will. If a certain number of the State Legislatures demand it, Congress is obliged to call a national Constitutional convention, and, once assembled, such a body cannot be restricted to the consideration of a particular proposal, but would be at liberty to remodel the whole fabric of our Federal organic law. It was settled once for all by the precedent established at Philadelphia in 1787 that the powers of such a body are limited by nothing but the willingness of the State conventions of a prescribed number of States to ratify its innovations. The last thing which conservative Americans desire to witness is a new Federal Constitutional Convention; we have never had one since 1787. Sooner than afford a pretext for the convocation of such a dangerous body, the United States Senate will concur with the House of Representatives in recommending to the State Legislatures a specific Constitutional amendment authorizing the popular election of Senators. Experience has shown that it is idle for the States to petition Congress with reference to the matter. What they ought to do is to proceed under that article of the Constitution which empowers them to demand a new Federal Constitutional Convention.

IT IS, AS YET, UNCERTAIN WHAT THE COMMITTEE of the Senate will do with the bill introduced at the request of Secretary Root which aims at a reorganization of the army and the creation of a general staff organized on the German pattern. There is an impression, founded largely on the opposition avowed by Senator Hawley, who is chairman of the committee, that the bill will not be reported in its original shape. There is no doubt that General Miles, when summoned to give evidence before the committee, had a perfect right to criticize the project, and that he cannot be called to account in another place for any opinions expressed by him as a witness. There is reason to believe, however, that, owing to the position of antagonism to the Executive which he has repeatedly assumed, he will be invited at no distant day to retire from active service. General Miles has been a gallant soldier, and has unquestionably earned all the promotion that he has received; but, perhaps from a lack of tact, he has failed to acquire popularity either in his own profession or in the community at large. Some men create friction wherever they go; others allay it. The late President McKinley was an example of the latter kind. General Miles, on the other hand, with all his merits, seems to belong to the former category.

Pot. R. M. C. France



### ATLANTIC CITY—"VANITY-FAIR-BY-THE-SEA"—FIRE-SWEPT

"Vanity-Fair-by-the-Sea" is what the thronged ocean promenade of Atlantic City suggested on Easter Sunday, when a vast multitude of pleasure-seekers from Philadelphia and elsewhere "came to these yellow sands." Four days afterward, on April 3, this beautiful resort was swept by devouring flames which ran through the principal hotel district, which includes the Tarleton, the Luray, Berkeley, Stratford and other structures, and also reached the water-front. The loss is said to count up into the millions.



# The Musician and The Lover

By Jan Kubelik.



LOVE MUST BE to a musician either a great delight or a misfortune. It may have a beneficial influence on his career or it may end it. Before a man who is devoted to his art falls in love he has no other ideal than his music. He thinks of nothing else, and his devotion is undivided. That has so far been my experience. I have never in my life had the time to know any woman well enough to find out whether I loved her or not. I am now only twenty-one years old, and the whole of my life has been devoted to my art. From the time I was old enough to play the violin I have had it in my hands most of the time. So I may say fairly that I represent the musician who thinks of nothing but his work, which in such a case as mine is not only his work but his passion, his life.

Now some critic has said that my playing lacks only what love for some woman would put into it. I must admit that if there is any quality that only love could bring I must lack it; for I have never been in love and just now I do not see when I ever am to be. I spend most of my time on the railroads, and from them I go to the concert halls. That is not the kind of a life that makes it easy for a man to fall in love. So for a while those critics who think that my playing is deficient in the feeling that only love can give will have to accept me without that. Personally, I do not see what difference it could make. It might bring into my life some new influence that would lead me to do more than I can now. What that new quality of my playing might be I could not say. Perhaps I might not even be able to detect any change if I fell in love and did play with this new emotion inspiring me. Perhaps only the persons who think I ought to fall in love would be able to detect any difference. And even they would not find it easy unless somebody took the precaution to tell them that I was in love. I am certain they would have to know that before they observed any in-

crease of sentiment, or whatever it is that comes with affection.

But, as I have said, it seems to me that love should be in one case a great blessing to any musician. If he is happy in his love and its influence on his art makes that better, he should indeed be happy. But if his love is enough to satisfy him and he neglects his art for his love, that certainly cannot be the best thing in the world for him. It may be that the man happily in love should ask no more in the world and be willing to lose his artistic attainments without a struggle. Happy in his married life, he does not ask more of the world. So we see the artist disappear in the lover. However happy he may be, I do not consider that love has been a good thing for that musician. But when it makes him more than ever in love with his art, it will be the greatest blessing that he can enjoy.

I have never even had the time to think of an ideal. I suppose that when I see her first I shall recognize her. I have not yet seen a woman in this country that has suggested the ideal to me, charming as I have found so many of them here. But I see them so hurriedly—to speak to in society, to shake hands with after a concert or to look at from a distance on a railroad train—that is the way I have seen the women of the United States. It has been very delightful to get those views of them, and little as my experience with women has been, I

have recognized that they are especially charming of their kind. Yet I cannot say that I have thought of an ideal while I looked at them. Probably that was best after all, for me. Even as rapidly as things go here, it could scarcely be expected that in six weeks I could make her acquaintance, teach her to love me and then carry her off with me. So perhaps it was best for me that I did not find an ideal in any of the women I saw, unless it be that falling in love with her and then pining over my failure to get her would have done just as much for my emotions as a happy love affair.

I don't know that I have any ideal unless it be that the woman I fall in love with must at least have a fondness for music. I am afraid that unless she had that taste she would never under any circumstances take any interest in me.

Love is a blessing to the musician when it does not destroy his other ideal—his art. If the two exist together, and one does not harm the other, love will bring him happiness and he will remain as great an artist as he ever was. If he gives up his art for his love, however, it has brought him no good. I think that to lack the peculiar qualities that love is supposed to give and be wholly devoted to his art is better for a musician than such a fate.

# The American Woman and Golf



By Mrs. Chatfield Taylor.

GOLF IS no longer a fad. At the beginning of its history in this country it was the fashion, and every woman who was or wished to be fashionable thought it necessary to flock to the golf clubs and wear a red coat, many of them being entirely ignorant of the difference between a caddy and a niblick. In those days all women had faith that a little effort would make them champions. Of all this number, the names of few of the early devotees remain in the entry list of the national tournaments. Few women have real persistence, and when they discovered that to play well meant unremitting toil, and that it was not a question of divine right or inherited genius, they became disheartened at the real problem of hard work and persistent practice.

The contestants for honors in these days are women and girls who really love the game and who mean business. They do not play because it is fashionable, but because they wish to excel and because they have a true fondness for sport. This being the case, the standard of golf has improved incredibly, almost to the extent of our being able to compete with the women players in England.

During last year American women's golf took a particularly long stride. For several years there were but two first-class players in America, viz., Miss Beatrix Hoyt, who held the championship for three years, and Mrs. Butler Duncan, who played equally well, but who for some reason never entered the championship tournaments, although able to beat the champion each year in private matches. The year when Miss Underhill won the championship it was any one's game, and there were two or three who seemed equally deserving of the honor, while the same could be said of the following season. At the last championship tournament, however, the standard of golf had so improved that there were at least ten women who had apparently equal chances of success; the greatest improvement being in the extraordinarily long driving of the players.

Not many years ago 115 yards was a more than usually good drive or brassy shot, but now no one who cannot clear a 135 or 140 yard bunker can hope to compete for championship honors. This being the case, one would think that the game would be on the wane, but the list of entries was never so long as at Morristown and the contestants were representative of clubs all over the country. Golf is on the wane as a fashionable pastime, but is more of a recognized sport than ever before in the country at large.

The custom of having professional caddies at national or even club tournaments is one to be deplored. While technically within the rules, a professional caddy is not in the spirit of the game as played in this country. The best men players have long ago discarded them, but some of the women still cling to their support. If a woman does not know enough golf to play without eleventh-hour instruction she should not consider herself a fit competitor for national honors. If there was any possibility of framing a rule against professional caddies, it would be a wise action on the part of the United States Golf Association, but it is so difficult to tell where a caddy stops and an instructor begins that no rule could be made

which could not be evaded, and one must hope that the women themselves will develop sportsmanship sufficient to dispense with such extraneous aid.

Golf is more of a game for general use than any other that has been at one time a fad. It has become an institution. The reason for this is that it requires so much less absolute strength and because it increases endurance rather than lessens it. This is because it is never, or should never be, violent. It is much more a question of skill than of force, and needs nicety and intelligence more than any other game. A mere practice of golf is excellent for exercise, but will never mean skill, because it is a game which almost every one has to learn through the mind rather than by instinct. This being the case, one must acquire the essential rules from the beginning, or one merely goes from bad to worse. Practice does not make perfect, unless the practices are perfect, and this must come of much care and absolute attention to the regulations.

The reason why the Eastern women play better than the Western women is because the latter have not taken it so seriously as a science, and have merely regarded it as a pastime, with no ulterior motive. In the oldest club in the West, for example, the professionals have been so unable to impart their knowledge of the game that they have not even turned out a second-class player. Not one of the women has been taught to play in correct form, and they have played for years without any apparent improvement, although they have practiced daily. While this is deplorable, it is really more the fault of the professionals than of the women themselves, and proves first of all that effort wrongly applied is entirely useless.

Adults never learn anything by imitation, and it is only through intelligence and by intelligence that the game can be taught. The reason why so many people start with enthusiasm and stop in discouragement is on this account. They see no improvement, and believe they are incapable of learning, when in reality it is only a case of misdirected energy and uninstructed instinct.

The best instructor that has been teaching in this country is one who did not have any given rule upon which he insisted with every woman. He advocated a full swing with some and a half swing with others, recognizing each one's possibilities and limitations. He was an educated man who used his intelligence and told as well as showed one how. He taught successfully many players, and they all knew why they played every stroke. It never was a question of being off one's game; it was an almost exact science and did not depend upon that broken reed, instinct, but rather upon abstract knowledge.

In England almost all the women are long drivers, and the reason for it is that they were taught originally just when, how and where to put in their strength and get the velocity at the right spot, which is the whole secret of the business. It will always be a fascinating game for women, because it permits them to take out-of-door exercise without fatigue. No other game brings so much pleasure, so much exercise and so little fatigue when continued for hours, and for this reason it is particularly suited to our sex.

The great difficulty in the road to real excellence is the necessity for constant and unremitting practice, and there is no doubt that extreme nervousness is the result, particularly in the case of tournaments. For some reason, many days of continuous playing is particularly trying to the nerves. Even in the men's tournament this is evident. The runner-up in a recent national championship lost ten pounds during the week's play, and many women lose all freshness of face as well as all semblance of calm during a summer spent in golfing events. For this reason medal play is more advisable than match play, as it is then purely a case of skill rather than endurance; also it would seem advisable that the national champion should not have to play down during the matches, but simply meet the winner as is done in the tennis tournaments.

There is no game where accident of weather or ill health can so entirely upset all calculation; even so small a matter as an unsympathetic or injudiciously advising caddy has often caused unnecessary and undeserved defeat. This year the new Haskell ball has given a new cause for inaccuracy. It is more resilient, no doubt, and carries a longer distance, but it is much more difficult to putt. Of the players in last year's tournament many had recently begun to play with it, though not with any degree of accuracy, which is a most important factor in every sport, particularly golf.

Now that golf has ceased to become a fad and has become a sport, it takes its place with the other recognized sports of the country, such as tennis, yachting, etc. Because it is possible to play it in youth and old age, it should have a greater number of devotees than any other sport in which women indulge, and if taken in moderation is a real assistance in the preservation of youth and health.

# The Actress and Her Temperament



by *Elsie de Wolfe.*

WITH THE ACTRESS of to-day temperament is half the battle. She is circumscribed by her temperament and cannot rise above or beyond it. She does not act—she is herself, and her part in the play is made to conform to her limitations—the scope of her temperament.

True, there are a few, a very few, whose art is capable of the absolute subordination of self and to whom the emulation of emotions is possible to any extent. But these are not mere actresses—they are geniuses. Consequently, as I qualify them, they are few. I would not venture to name them—those who can break the bonds of their individuality and become the persons of the play, the living ideals of the playwright who clothes with personality the creatures of his brain. In extraordinarily "strong" emotional plays these characters are exaggerated, not necessarily grossly exaggerated, but made "stronger" in phases by the elaboration into prominence of qualities of emotion or sentiment and the subordination of more commonplace thoughts, deeds, actions or passions.

I pay no undeserved tribute to either actress when I name Duse and Bernhardt together as examples of the geniuses of the stage—the actresses distinguished above others as examples of art triumphing over personal temperament in the portrayal of ideal characters such as the playwright's fancy evolves, by the deft touch that strengthens the situations of ordinary life, with a dash or a flick, here and there, like the strokes of a master painter's brush upon canvas.

It is the painter's art to depict his ideal, not the commonplace. It is the play writer's purpose to depict in his lines—nay, in the actor who for the time *lives*—his ideal. Can it be wondered, then, when woman's temperament is the actual motif of her individuality, that so few actresses have the power to lose self, to cast aside mannerism—to immerse herself, to fairly saturate her being and her personality with this wholly artificial atmosphere, as she would throw aside her street apparel and don the gowns of her part?

Is it strange that the few who can do this are distinguished from the general run of actresses? It is genius alone that can accomplish this, and genius is not given to the many, but to the few. Chateaubriand said genius was only capacity for taking infinite pains. That seems especially true to-day. For in all the Arts the restrictions of temperament are felt

and its circumscribing power marks the limit of achievement.

I, for instance, could not play a rôle of bitterness. I cannot feel the emotion; I cannot take upon myself the appearance of what I cannot conceive.

My life has been, on the whole, a happy one. And here is the point that brings about the revelation of the consummate art, due to genius, of Bernhardt and of Duse. They can be dramatically bitter—they can live a stage life of bitterness—as though they felt the wrongs and rancor of the heroine whose very existence they are, for the time, living. Not necessarily because of the actual bitter experiences of their own lives, but because of their distinctive genius, which most willingly and eagerly snatches a phase of character new to them and studies it to the remotest limit in order to perfect them in it. Their conceptions are quickened by their rare gift; their imaginative ability is quickly harnessed to the creative and imaginative powers of the dramatist, and they "strengthen" the part even beyond his handling of it.

The exceptions prove the rule. The actresses who are popular, who are successful and who are frequently classed as great, to-day, shine in the radiance of plays and parts fitted to them by the playwright as the wardrobes for their parts are molded to them by the modiste and tailor. Within the limits of their temperament their efforts earn the fame they achieve, and the popularity is equally deserved. But the limitations are there; temperament is inexorable.

Careful, arduous study, work and patience, and yet again patience, make a theatrical career arduous, but these are necessary adjuncts to success and popularity to all. Yet, how comparatively slight would be the result if the part

attempted were not one which appealed to the personal temperament of the actress.

It is this that I mean when I say that the actress of to-day does not act; she is essentially herself.

Yet it is in the adaptation of this individual temperament by the dramatist and to his production that make the success of play and of actress—both together as a matter of course, for they are indissolubly welded from the launching of the play, and one without the other it would be impossible to conceive.

It is legitimate that this should be so. It is to the best interests of dramatic art and its advancement, and it is due to this understanding between creator and portrayal of character that the stage is to-day, in its standards, immeasurably beyond its position of but a few years ago. We would not expect a Rembrandt of Murillo, or a Corot of Detaille, for there, even among masters, we find the temperament dictating and, in every detail, in every line, in every sweep of the brush, omnipresent. Yet the work of each is on the highest plane.

Thus it is with the actress of to-day. In the sphere limited by her temperament she may become pre-eminent; out of it, she may fail utterly, yet the blame for her failure is not hers. She may have been called upon to fill a rôle absolutely at variance with her temperament—a part which she can neither feel nor remotely conceive.

"Each man in his time plays many parts" was written when men and women on the mimic stage were but puppets. To-day something more satisfying to a refined ideal is required, and the man or woman who plays one part well plays it best when it is fitted to the temperament of the individual.

Then, too, I believe quite as much in "the infinite capacity for taking pains" as I do in temperament. Hard work will carry one very far in this profession.

I once had a very small part in a play at the Empire Theatre. I could do almost nothing with it. The night of the dress rehearsal came, and when I made my first entrance into the drawing-room of a duchess—and I was feeling most unhappy at my lack of opportunity—it suddenly came into my head to drop a courtesy such as a young unmarried woman would do in such a case. I did it, and repeated it on the opening night. The next day there was not a critic who didn't mention it as a natural and true note in a scene of English smart life. It secured me recognition in a small part where otherwise I should have been lost.

## A Possible Remedy for Infelicitous Marriages



THE QUESTION "What causes the greatest amount of unhappiness in married life?" is one which has been asked me so often, and others in my hearing, that I have been obliged to think very deeply on the subject. After going over the ground thoroughly and earnestly, I have come to the conclusion that, aside from ungovernable temper, the lack of an individual income causes more unhappiness to many a wife than any other of the numerous reasons advanced as an explanation of the condition of marital unhappiness, which is more universal than many know of.

Men do not like to hear this assertion made. They say, "Why should wives need more than we give them? We provide good homes, clothe them, pay their bills, keep them in a style oftentimes greater than we can really afford, simply because they have a desire for social pre-eminence, and we try to gratify their every wish. What need have they for money?" Do they forget that her loving nature must make her kind and generous? This argument is all very well from the standpoint of the man who pays his wife's bills. But how many are there who do not liquidate the bills which women holding a certain position in society must contract, especially if they have no money of their own and no separate income given them by their husbands?

Just here we are met with the objection that women are extravagant and run up bills entirely beyond any reasonable limit and by so doing imperil their husbands' business. We will grant that in many cases this is true, but the reason for this, according to my judgment, lies in the fact that the average woman has not been trained to know the value of money.

I am speaking now of the woman who, marrying young, leaves a comfortable, perhaps luxurious, home for one of her own, and who, like her mother before her, has never had a separate income, whose every want has been supplied by a credit system, the bills being settled at the end of the month, or six months, or year, by a check drawn by the head of the house.

Give a young wife brought up under these conditions an income and she is bound to squander it at first. But statistics tell us, and those who have given the question deep study tell us, that a woman is naturally more honest in paying her debts than a man and will intuitively learn to spend her money judiciously and wisely.

Several cases of marital unhappiness which came under my immediate notice while I was a young woman made a very deep impression upon me and were the primary reasons for the deep interest which I have always taken in this question.

I was visiting at a home once, the family consisting of husband and wife and several children. The man was well to do as wealth went in those days. He was looked upon as a model husband and good provider, and those intimate enough

with the wife to know the inner secrets of her life knew she was unhappy, yet could find no tangible reason for this unhappiness.

The husband's business took him away from home on long trips. He would often be gone six weeks or two months at a time. The particular incident which enlightened me as to the reason of his wife's unhappiness occurred at the breakfast table on the morning of his departure on a business trip which would keep him from home two months.

The carriage stood at the door ready to take him to the station and he had hurried through his breakfast, leaving us seated at the table as he rose to bid the family good-by. He had kissed all the children, made his adieu to me, and lastly had bid his wife a very affectionate farewell. As he was leaving the room his wife said to him:

"George, will you not leave me some money? I have none at all and you will be gone so long."

He came back very readily and, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a fifty-cent silver piece and laid it on the table beside her plate.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the wife, "this is not enough. Can't you leave me some more?"

"What do you want any money for anyway?" he queried: "I will pay all the bills when I return."

Kissing her again, he hurried away, to be gone two months and leaving no more money in the house than the fifty cents which he had just so generously given her.

Another case was that of a woman whom I knew, of very marked musical ability, who, while single, had been in receipt of a very good income, which she earned by giving lessons in music. Finally she married a very wealthy man, and every one considered her an extremely lucky woman.

After her marriage she discovered that instead of being the happy possessor of a good income she was actually penniless.

She had a beautiful home, horses and carriages, servants, and all the household bills were promptly paid. But she never bought new clothes and never had a penny of pin money.

She had been asked to a very swell entertainment one evening, at which she had sung, and her voice had been greatly admired. She had received many compliments, and her husband had been so proud of her that he had congratulated her upon her success, as they drove home in her handsomely appointed carriage.

"But," she replied sadly, "I could have sung so much better and been so much happier had I been as handsomely gowned as some of the women who listened to me. This dress I have on is beginning to be shabby, and I have had no new clothes since I have been married."

"That is just like a woman," cried the husband peevishly; "you are never satisfied. What do you want with new clothes? You looked handsomer than any woman in the room in spite of all their fine clothes."

A case which comes to my mind, and which rather refutes the argument brought forward against giving women separate incomes on account of their extravagance, is the following: A man who had been very liberal to his wife in the matter of pin money found himself in serious business difficulties. When he told his wife of his loss of fortune, and the need for extreme economy until he could recover his losses, she astonished him by showing him her bank book with a large sum to her credit. This money she had saved from his liberal allowances in the past and the sum was sufficient to tide over the tight place and eventually helped him to start over again, with unblemished credit. I quote this incident to show that women are capable of becoming good financiers if properly trained.

At the Woman's International Suffrage Convention recently held in Washington the delegate from Germany, I am told, speaking of the advancement of women in her country, mentioned one among their rights which I think points out a remedy for the deplorable conditions which I have mentioned.

"In every marriage contract in Germany," she said, "there is provision made for a separate income for the wife. The husband gives her a certain sum, fixed by law out of his income for her sole use. This sum is larger or smaller according to the man's fortune. This sum is hers to do with exactly as she wishes. It is intended, of course, for the household expenses, for her clothes and her children's, but she can spend it as she pleases."

"Of course, if she dissipates it and does not provide good



meals for her husband there is trouble at once, but if she be a wise woman this will not happen. This allowance is a liberal one, and is absolutely hers as long as she lives. If she be frugal and save some money out of it, so much the better for her, but no business reverses of her husband's can ever touch this income belonging to the wife."

I need not comment on the well-known fact that the German housewives are the thriftiest in the world. If the women of Germany by reason of their training can be taught to spend money so judiciously, why cannot the same be done with the American women?

I have been asked to propose a remedy for what I consider the greatest cause of unhappiness in married life, and it seems to me that the delegate from Hamburg has given us one which cannot be improved upon. Only I should suggest that we go further back than the husband and begin to train the girl before she is old enough to even think of marriage, and that the boy be also taught to be considerate.

I consider it the duty of every father to allow his daughter pin money. Not pin money in the usual acceptance of the word—i.e., money for frivolities, bon-bons, flowers, etc.,—but money for her clothes and her current expenses. This

sum should be in proportion to his income, and the girl should be taught to live within it—to save something out of it, if possible.

If the man's family be large and his income restricted, then he should train his daughters to be self-supporting. To-day, when so many fields are thrown open to women, it is the duty of every father and mother to provide a means of self-support for their daughters as well as their sons, in case by any turn of fortune's wheel the necessity for earning a living should confront them some future day.

Let men get over their mistaken idea that women are not good financiers, and give to their wives a sum adequate to their position in life. It is a man's duty to do this and a woman's right to demand it. Why should she be obliged to ask for every penny she needs? Where is her independence, her dignity, that she should be a beggar on her husband's bounty?

There is nothing so galling to a woman (or indeed to a man either, and he should appreciate the fact) as the lack of one's own money and the imperative necessity of asking for every penny one needs. Women who have been independent can appreciate the freedom and pleasure there is in spending

money which is theirs by right of inheritance or earning and for which no one can call them to account, and such women are very loth to place themselves in the equivocal position of a wife dependent upon her husband's generosity and whim for every cent she needs.

As soon as women become brave enough to demand that an ante-nuptial contract shall give them a certain sum for their personal use, free from all restrictions, and men allow themselves to become convinced that their wives are their equals, not their playthings, that women can be trained to spend money judiciously and therefore a separate allowance is their due, this one cause of marital unhappiness will, to my mind, be done away with.

Therefore the remedy I would suggest would be:

Fathers, give your daughters an allowance. Oblige them to live within it. Husbands, realize the trial that it is for your wives to be obliged to ask you for every penny they need; that unlimited credit in all the shops is not all a woman craves, and that a personal income, even though small, while helping a woman to be independent, will bring more happiness to your home than any amount of credit and not a penny in your wife's pocketbook.

# Educated Suffrage,

by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton



SINCE WOMAN'S DEMAND for the right of suffrage under the Fourteenth Amendment (which was denied by Congress and the courts) the only discussions in Congress have been over appeals for a Sixteenth Amendment until the Bills on Immigration, by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and Senator Kyle of South Dakota, indirectly involving this question and affecting the interests of woman. Their proposition to demand a reading and writing qualification on landing strikes me as arbitrary and equally detrimental to our mutual interests. The danger is not in their landing and living in this country, but in their speedy appearance at the ballot-box, there becoming an impoverished and ignorant balance of power in the hands of wily politicians.

While we should not allow our country to be a dumping-ground for the refuse population of the Old World, still we should welcome all hardy, common-sense laborers here, as we have plenty of room and work for them. Here they can improve their own condition and our surroundings, developing our immense resources and the commerce of the country. The one demand I would make for this class is, that they should not become a part of our ruling power until they can read and write the English language intelligently and understand the principles of republican government. To make a nation homogeneous, its people should all speak one tongue. The dominion of Francis Joseph, in Austria, where fifteen different languages are spoken, illustrates its perils. The officers of the army can be understood by only a small percentage of the soldiers. One can readily imagine the confusion and consequent dangers this would cause in time of war.

To prevent the thousands of immigrants daily landing on our shores from marching from the steerage to the polls the national government should prohibit the States from allowing them to vote in less than five years, and not then unless the applicant could read and write the English language. This is the only restrictive legislation we need to protect ourselves against foreign domination. To this end, Congress should pass a bill for "Educated Suffrage," for our native-born as well as foreign rulers, alike ignorant of our institutions.

With free schools and compulsory education, no one has an excuse for not understanding the language of the country. As women are governed by a "male aristocracy," we are doubly interested in having our rulers able at least to read and write. See with what care in the Old World the prospective heirs to the throne are educated.

There was a time when the members of the British Parliament could neither read nor write, but these accomplishments are now required of the Lords and Commons and even of the King and Queen, while we have rulers, native and foreign, voting for laws who do not understand the letters of the alphabet; and this in a republic supposed to be based on the virtue and intelligence of the people.

Much as we need these measures for the stability of our government, we need them still more for the best interests of women. This ignorant vote is solid against woman's emancipation. States where amendments to their Constitutions are proposed for the enfranchisement of women this vote has been, in every case, against the measure. We should ask for national protection against this hostile force playing football with the most sacred rights of one-half of the people. I have long felt that an educational qualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage is a question of such vital consequence that it should be exhaustively discussed by the leaders of thought among our people.

The great political parties fear to propose this measure lest it should ensure their defeat. No aspiring politician, as an individual, would dare express such an opinion, lest it should blast his chance for official position. Hence, only those guided by principle rather than policy are in a position to discuss the merits of this question. Such an amendment to our national Constitution should go into effect at the dawn of this century.

As all who prize this right sufficiently to labor to attain it can easily do so, an educational qualification in no way conflicts with our cherished idea of universal suffrage. Agreeing to our theory of government, all our citizens are born

voters, but they must be of age before they can exercise the right. To say they must also read and write the English language is equally logical and fair. We do not propose to withhold this right from any citizen exercising it, but to apply the restriction to all new claimants. Some say that the ignorant classes need the ballot for their protection more than the rich. Well, they have had it and exercised it, and what have they done to protect their own interests? Absolutely nothing; because they did not know in what direction their interests lay, or by what system of legislation they could be lifted out of poverty, vice and ignorance to enjoy liberty, justice and equality.

A gun is a good weapon for a man's protection against his enemy, but if he does not know how to use it may prove a danger rather than a defence. There is something lacking in our science of industrial economics when multitudes in this land of plenty are suffering abject poverty. Yet by their ignorant votes they have helped to establish the very conditions from which they suffer. The ballot is of value only in the hand that knows how to use it.

In establishing free schools our forefathers said to us in plain words: "The stability of a republic depends on the virtue and intelligence of the people."

"Universal suffrage" with us is a mere party cry, a pretence, as thus far we have had "male suffrage" and nothing more. In most of the States qualifications of property, education and color have been abolished, but in only four States have our rulers had the courage and conscience to abolish that of sex. A republic based on the theory of universal suffrage, in which a large class of educated women, representing the virtue, intelligence and wealth of the nation, are disfranchised, is an anomaly in government, especially when all men, foreign and native, ignorant and educated, black and white, vicious and virtuous, by their votes decide the rights and duties of this superior class.

In all national conflicts it is ever deemed the most grievous accident of war for the conquered people to find themselves under a foreign yoke; yet this is the position of the educated women of this Republic to-day. Foreigners are our judges and jurors, our legislators and municipal officials, and decide all questions of interest to us, as to the discipline in our schools, charitable institutions, jails and prisons. Woman has no voice as to the education of her children or the environments of the unhappy wards of the State. The love and sympathy of the mother-soul have but an evanescent influence in all departments of human interest, until coined into law by the hand that holds the ballot; then only do they become a direct and effective power in the government.

As women have no voice in the laws and lawmakers under which they live, they surely have the right to demand that their rulers, foreign and native, shall be able to read and write the English language. As it would take the ordinary immigrant at least five years to learn our language, we should be sure he had been here the prescribed time before exercising his right to vote. An educational qualification would also stimulate our native population to avail themselves of all the opportunities for learning. In basing suffrage on sex we have defeated the intentions of our ancestors and made their principles of government mere glittering generalities. The popular objection to woman suffrage is that it would "double the ignorant vote." The patent answer to this is: Abolish the ignorant vote. Our legislators have this power in their own hands. There have been various restrictions in the past for men. We are willing to abide by the same for women, provided the insurmountable qualification of sex be forever removed.

In the discussion of this question educated women must not lead the way. Some reformers do not see the wisdom of the measure, so the few who do must take the initiative in

arousing public thought and creating a widespread agitation of this step in woman's emancipation. Some years ago the Supreme Court of Wyoming handed down an important and far-reaching decision. The Court decided that foreign-born citizens of the State of Wyoming must be able to read the Constitution of the State in the English language in order to vote, and that the ability to read the Constitution in a foreign language is not a compliance with the requirements of the Constitution.

Some of the opponents talk as if educated suffrage would be invidious to the best interests of the laboring masses, whereas it would be most beneficial in its ultimate influence. You who can read and write and enjoy hours in a library, glancing there the history of the past as well as advancing civilization; you who can visit the galleries of art, and with your knowledge of the classics, poetry and mythology appreciate what the pictures say, little realize the starved condition of the uncultured mind. Blot this knowledge from your mind and you may then understand the solitude of ignorance; who can measure its misery? Surely, when we compel all classes to learn to read and write and thus open to themselves the door to knowledge, not by force but by the promise of a privilege all intelligent citizens enjoy, we are benefactors and not tyrants. To stimulate them to climb the first rounds of the ladder that they may reach the divine heights where they shall be as gods, knowing good and evil, by withholding the citizens' rights to vote for a few years, is a blessing to them as well as to the State. The condition of the laboring masses to-day, without adequate shelter, food and clothes, is the result of their own ignorance of the manner in which the broad distinctions in society have been created. I am fully aware that simply reading and writing will not secure the key to the whole situation, but it is the first necessary step, without which the laboring man can never make and control his own environment.

We must inspire our people with a new sense of their sacred duties as citizens of a republic and place new guards around our ballot-box.

Walking in Paris one day, I was deeply impressed with an emblematic statue in the Place du Château d'Eau, placed there in 1883 in honor of the Republic. On one side is a magnificent bronze lion with his forepaw on the electoral urn (which answers to our ballot-box), as if to guard it from all unholy uses. Having overturned all pretensions to royalty, nobility, and all artificial distinctions in class, and declared the right of the people to a voice in the making of their laws and the selection of their rulers, they exalted the idea of republican government and universal suffrage with this magnificent monument—the royal lion guarding the sacred treasures within the electoral urn.

As I turned away I thought of the American Republic and our ballot-box, with no guardian or sacred reverence for its contents among the people. Ignorance, poverty and vice crowd its precincts; thousands from every incoming steamer march from the steerage to the polls, while educated women, representing the virtue and intelligence of the nation, are driven away. I would like to see a monument to "Educated Suffrage" in front of our National Capitol, guarded by the goddess Minerva, her right hand resting on the ballot-box, her left hand on the spelling-book, the Declaration of Rights, and the National Constitution.

It would be well for us to ponder the Frenchman's story, how earnest of the great U. S. Congress, let us educate our scholars and vote in the form of women.



### ATLANTIC CITY—"VANITY-FAIR-BY-THE-SEA"—FIRE-SWEPT

"Vanity-Fair by-the Sea" is what the thronged ocean promenade of Atlantic City suggested on Easter Sunday, when a vast multitude of pleasure-seekers from Philadelphia and elsewhere "came to these yellow sands." Four days afterward, on April 3, this beautiful resort was swept by devouring flames which ran through the principal hotel district, which includes the Tarleton, the Luray, Berkeley, Stratford and other structures, and also reached the water-front. The loss is said to count up into the millions.



# The Musician *and* The Lover

By Jan Kubelik

*By Jan Kubelik.*



Now some critic has said that my playing lacks only what *love for some woman would put into it. I must admit that if there is any quality that only love could bring I must lack it; for I have never been in love and just now I do not see when I ever am to be. I spend most of my time on the railroads, and from them I go to the concert halls. That is not the kind of a life that makes it easy for a man to fall in love. So for a while those critics who think that my playing is deficient in the feeling that only love can give will have to accept me without that. Personally, I do not see what difference it could make. It might bring into my life some new influence that would lead me to do more than I can now. What that new quality of my playing might be I could not say. Perhaps I might not even be able to detect any change if I fell in love and did play with this new emotion inspiring me. Perhaps only the persons who think I ought to fall in love would be able to detect any difference. And even they would not find it easy unless somebody took the precaution to tell them that I was in love. I am certain they would have to know that before they observed any in-*

But, as I have said, it seems to me that there should be at one time a great blessing to any musician. If he is happy in his love and its influence on his art makes that better, he should indeed be happy. But if his love is enough to satisfy him and he neglects his art for his love, that certainly cannot be the best thing in the world for him. It may be that the man happily in love should ask no more in the world and be willing to lose his artistic attainments without a struggle. Happy in his married life, he does not ask more of the world. So we see the artist disappear in the lover. However happy he may be, I do not consider that love has been a good thing for that musician. But when it makes him more than ever in love with his art, it will be the greatest blessing that he can enjoy.

I have never even had the time to think of an ideal. I suppose that when I see her first I shall recognize her. I have not yet seen a woman in this country that has suggested the ideal to me, charming as I have found so many of them here. But I see them so hurriedly—to speak to in society, to shake hands with after a concert or to look at from a distance on a railroad train—that is the way I have seen the women of the United States. It has been very delightful to get those views of them, and little as my experience with women has been, I

I looked at them. Probably that was best after all, for me. Even as rapidly as things go here, it could scarcely be expected that in six weeks I could make her acquaintance, teach her to love me and then carry her off with me. So perhaps it was best for me that I did not find an ideal in any of the women I saw, unless it be that falling in love with her and then pining over my failure to get her would have done just as much for my emotions as a happy love affair.

I don't know that I have any ideal unless it be that the woman I fall in love with must at least have a fondness for music. I am afraid that unless she had that taste she would never under any circumstances take any interest in me.

Love is a blessing to the musician when it does not destroy his other ideal—his art. If the two exist together, and one does not harm the other, love will bring him happiness and he will remain as great an artist as he ever was. If he gives up his art for his love, however, it has brought him no good. I think that to lack the peculiar qualities that love is supposed to give and be wholly devoted to his art is better for a musician than such a fate.

# The American Woman and Golf

*By Mrs. Chatfield Taylor.*



GOLF IS no longer a fad. At the beginning of its history in this country it was the fashion, and every woman who was or wished to be fashionable thought it necessary to flock to the golf clubs and wear a red coat, many of them being entirely ignorant of the difference between a caddy and a niblick. In those days all women had faith that a little effort would make them champions. Of all this number, the names of few of the early devotees remain in the entry list of the national tournaments. Few women have real persistence, and when they discovered that to play well meant unremitting toil, and that it was not a question of divine right or inherited genius, they became disheartened at the real problem of hard work and persistent practice.

The contestants for honors in these days are women and girls who really love the game and who mean business. They do not play because it is fashionable, but because they wish to excel and because they have a true fondness for sport. This being the case, the standard of golf has improved incredibly, almost to the extent of our being able to compete with the women players in England.

During last year American women's golf took a particularly long stride. For several years there were but two first-class players in America, viz., Miss Beatrix Hoyt, who held the championship for three years, and Mrs. Butler Duncan, who played equally well, but who for some reason never entered the championship tournaments, although able to beat the champion each year in private matches. The year when Miss Underhill won the championship it was any one's game, and there were two or three who seemed equally deserving of the honor, while the same could be said of the following season. At the last championship tournament, however, the standard of golf had so improved that there were at least ten women who had apparently equal chances of success; the greatest improvement being in the extraordinarily long driving of the players.

Not many years ago 115 yards was a more than usually good drive or break-away shot, but now no one who cannot clear a 135 or 140 yard bunker can hope to compete for championship honors. This being the case, one would think that the game would be on the wane, but the list of entries was never so long as at Morristown and the contestants were representative of clubs all over the country. Golf is on the wane as a fashionable pastime, but is more of a recognized sport than ever before in the country at large.

The custom of having professional caddies at national or even club tournaments is one to be deplored. While technically within the rules, a professional caddy is not in the spirit of the game as played in this country. The best men players have long ago discarded them, but some of the women still cling to their support. If a woman does not know enough golf to play without eleventh hour instruction, she should not consider herself a fit competitor for national honors. If there was any possibility of framing a rule against professional caddies, it would be a wise action on the part of the United States Golf Association, but it is so difficult to tell where a caddy stops and an instructor begins that no rule could be made.

which could not be evaded, and one must hope that the women themselves will develop sportsmanship sufficient to dispense with such extraneous aid.

Golf is more of a game for general use than any other that has been at one time a fad. It has become an institution. The reason for this is that it requires so much less absolute strength and because it increases endurance rather than lessens it. This is because it is never, or should never be, violent. It is much more a question of skill than of force, and needs nicety and intelligence more than any other game. A mere practice of golf is excellent for exercise, but will never mean skill, because it is a game which almost every one has to learn through the mind rather than by instinct. This being the case, one must acquire the essential rules from the beginning, or one merely goes from bad to worse. Practice does not make perfect, unless the practices are perfect, and this must come of much care and absolute attention to the regulations.

The reason why the Eastern women play better than the Western women is because the latter have not taken it so seriously as a science, and have merely regarded it as a pastime, with no ulterior motive. In the oldest club in the West, for example, the professionals have been so unable to impart their knowledge of the game that they have not even turned out a second-class player. Not one of the women has been taught to play in correct form, and they have played for years without any apparent improvement, although they have practiced daily. While this is deplorable, it is really more the fault of the professionals than of the women themselves, and proves first of all that effort wrongly applied is entirely useless.

Adults never learn anything by imitation, and it is only through intelligence and by intelligence that the game can be taught. The reason why so many people start with enthusiasm and stop in discouragement is on this account. They see no improvement, and believe they are incapable of learning, when in reality it is only a case of misdirected energy and uninstructed instinct.

The best instructor that has been teaching in this country is one who did not have any given rule upon which he insisted with every woman. He advocated a full swing with some and a half swing with others, recognizing each one's possibilities and limitations. He was an educated man who used his intelligence and told as well as showed one how. He taught successfully many players, and they all knew why they played every stroke. It never was a question of being off one's game; it was an almost exact science and did not depend upon that broken reed, instinct, but rather upon abstract knowledge.

In England almost all the women are long drivers, and the reason for it is that they were taught originally just whee, how and where to put in their strength and get the velocity at the right spot, which is the whole secret of the business. It will always be a fascinating game for women, because it permits them to take out-of-door exercise without fatigue. No other game brings so much pleasure, so much exercise and so little fatigue when continued for hours, and for this reason it is particularly suited to our sex.

The great difficulty in the road to real excellence is the necessity for constant and unremitting practice, and there is no doubt that extreme nervousness is the result, particularly in the case of tournaments. For some reason, many days of continuous playing is particularly trying to the nerves. Even in the men's tournament this is evident. The runner-up in a recent national championship lost ten pounds during the week's play, and many women lose all freshness of face as well as all semblance of calm during a summer spent in golfing events. For this reason medal play is more advisable than match play, as it is then purely a case of skill rather than endurance; also it would seem advisable that the national champion should not have to play down during the matches, but simply meet the winner as is done in the tennis tournaments.

There is no game where accident of weather or ill health can so entirely upset all calculation; even so small a matter as an unsympathetic or judiciously advising caddy has often caused unnecessary and undeserved defeat. This year the new Haskell ball has given a new cause for inaccuracy. It is more resilient, no doubt, and carries a longer distance, but it is much more difficult to putt. Of the players in last year's tournament many had recently begun to play with it, though not with any degree of accuracy, which is a most important factor in every sport, particularly golf.

Now that golf has ceased to become a fad and has become sport, it takes its place with the other recognized sports of the country, such as tennis, yachting, etc. Because it is possible to play it in youth and old age, it should have a greater number of devotees than any other sport in which women indulge, and if taken in moderation is a real assistance in the preservation of youth and health.

# The Actress and Her Temperament

WITH THE ACTRESS of to-day temperament is half the battle. She is circumscribed by her temperament and cannot rise above or beyond it. She does not act—she is herself, and her part in the play is made to conform to her limitations—the scope of her temperament.

True, there are a few, a very few, whose art is capable of the absolute subordination of self and to whom the emulation of emotions is possible to any extent. But these are not mere actresses—they are geniuses. Consequently, as I qualify them, they are few. I would not venture to name them—those who can break the bonds of their individuality and become the persons of the play, the living ideals of the playwright who clothes with personality the creatures of his brain. In extraordinarily "strong" emotional plays these characters are exaggerated, not necessarily grossly exaggerated, but made "stronger" in phases by the elaboration into prominence of qualities of emotion or sentiment and the subordination of more commonplace thoughts, deeds, actions or passions.

I pay no undeserved tribute to either actress when I name Duse and Bernhardt together as examples of the geniuses of the stage—the actresses distinguished above others as examples of art triumphing over personal temperament in the portrayal of ideal characters such as the playwright's fancy evolves, by the deft touch that strengthens the situations of ordinary life, with a dash or a fleck, here and there, like the strokes of a master painter's brush upon canvas.

It is the painter's art to depict his ideal, not the commonplace. It is the play writer's purpose to depict in his lines—may, in the actor who for the time lives—his ideal. Can it be wondered, then, when woman's temperament is the actual motif of her individuality, that so few actresses have the power to lose self, to cast aside mannerism—to immerse herself, to fairly saturate her being and her personality with this wholly artificial atmosphere, as she would throw aside her street apparel and don the gowns of her part?

Is it strange that the few who can do this are distinguished from the general run of actresses? It is genius alone that can accomplish this, and genius is not given to the many, but to the few. Chateaubriand said genius was only capacity for taking infinite pains. That seems especially true to-day. For in all the Arts the restrictions of temperament are felt



by Elsie de Wolfe.

and its circumscribing power marks the limit of achievement.

I, for instance, could not play a rôle of bitterness. I cannot feel the emotion; I cannot take upon myself the appearance of what I cannot conceive.

My life has been, on the whole, a happy one. And here is the point that brings about the revelation of the consummate art, due to genius, of Bernhardt and of Duse. They can be dramatically bitter—they can live a stage life of bitterness—as though they felt the wrongs and rancor of the heroine whose very existence they are, for the time, living. Not necessarily because of the actual bitter experiences of their own lives, but because of their distinctive genius, which most willingly and eagerly snatches a phase of character new to them and studies it to the remotest limit in order to perfect them in it. Their conceptions are quickened by their rare gift; their imaginative ability is quickly harnessed to the creative and imaginative powers of the dramatist, and they "strengthen" the part even beyond his handling of it.

The exceptions prove the rule. The actresses who are popular, who are successful and who are frequently classed as great, to-day, shine in the radiance of plays and parts fitted to them by the playwright as the wardrobes for their parts are molded to them by the modiste and tailor. Within the limits of their temperament their efforts earn the fame they achieve, and the popularity is equally deserved. But the limitations are there; temperament is inexorable.

Careful, arduous study, work and patience, and yet again patience, make a theatrical career arduous, but these are necessary adjuncts to success and popularity to all. Yet, how comparatively slight would be the result if the part

attempted were not one which appealed to the personal temperament of the actress.

It is this that I mean when I say that the actress of to-day does not act; she is essentially herself.

Yet it is in the adaptation of this individual temperament by the dramatist and to his production that make the success of play and of actress—both together as a matter of course, for they are indissolubly welded from the launching of the play, and one without the other it would be impossible to conceive.

It is legitimate that this should be so. It is in the best interests of dramatic art and its advancement, and it is due to this understanding between creator and portrayer of character that the stage is to-day, in its standards, immeasurably beyond its position of but a few years ago. We would not expect a Rembrandt of Murillo, or a Corot of Detaille, for there, even among masters, we find the temperament dictating and, in every detail, in every line, in every sweep of the brush, omnipresent. Yet the work of each is on the highest plane.

Thus it is with the actress of to-day. In the sphere limited by her temperament she may become pre-eminent; out of it, she may fail utterly, yet the blame for her failure is not hers. She may have been called upon to fill a rôle absolutely at variance with her temperament—a part which she can neither feel nor remotely conceive.

"Each man in his time plays many parts" was written when men and women on the mimic stage were but puppets. To-day something more satisfying to a refined ideal is required, and the man or woman who plays one part well plays it best when it is fitted to the temperament of the individual.

Then, too, I believe quite as much in "the infinite capacity for taking pains" as I do in temperament. Hard work will carry one very far in this profession.

I once had a very small part in a play at the Empire Theatre. I could do almost nothing with it. The night of the dress rehearsal came, and when I made my first entrance into the drawing-room of a duchess—and I was feeling most unhappy at my lack of opportunity—it suddenly came into my head to drop a courtesy such as a young unmarried woman would do in such a case. I did it, and repeated it on the opening night. The next day there was not a critic who didn't mention it as a natural and true note in a scene of English smart life. It secured me recognition in a small part where otherwise I should have been lost.

## A Possible Remedy for Infelicitous Marriages

THE QUESTION "What causes the greatest amount of unhappiness in married life?" is one which has been asked me so often, and others in my hearing, that I have been obliged to think very deeply on the subject. After going over the ground thoroughly and earnestly, I have come to the conclusion that, aside from ungovernable temper, the lack of an individual income causes more unhappiness to many a wife than any other of the numerous reasons advanced as an explanation of the condition of marital unhappiness, which is more universal than many know of.

Men do not like to hear this assertion made. They say, "Why should wives need more than we give them? We provide good homes, clothe them, pay their bills, keep them in a style oftentimes greater than we can really afford, simply because they have a desire for social pre-eminence, and we try to gratify their every wish. What need have they for money?" Do they forget that her loving nature must make her kind and generous? This argument is all very well from the standpoint of the man who pays his wife's bills. But how many are there who do not liquidate the bills which women holding a certain position in society must contract, especially if they have no money of their own and no separate income given them by their husbands?

Just here we are met with the objection that women are extravagant and run up bills entirely beyond any reasonable limit and by so doing imperil their husbands' business. We will grant that in many cases this is true, but the reason for this, according to my judgment, lies in the fact that the average woman has not been trained to know the value of money.

I am speaking now of the woman who, marrying young, leaves a comfortable, perhaps luxurious, home for one of her own, and who, like her mother before her, has never had a separate income, whose every want has been supplied by a credit system, the bills being settled at the end of the month, or six months, or year, by a check drawn by the head of the house.

Give a young wife brought up under these conditions an income and she is bound to squander it at first. But statistics tell us, and those who have given the question deep study tell us, that a woman is naturally more honest in paying her debts than a man and will intuitively learn to spend her money judiciously and wisely.

Several cases of marital unhappiness which came under my immediate notice while I was a young woman made a very deep impression upon me and were the primary reasons for the deep interest which I have always taken in this question.

I was sitting at a house once, the family consisting of husband and wife and several children. The man was well-to-do as wealth went in those days. He was looked upon as a model husband and good provider, and those intimate enough



with the wife to know the inner secrets of her life knew she was unhappy, yet could find no tangible reason for this unhappiness.

The husband's business took him away from home on long trips. He would often be gone six weeks or two months at a time. The particular incident which enlightened me as to the reason of his wife's unhappiness occurred at the breakfast table on the morning of his departure on a business trip which would keep him from home two months.

The carriage stood at the door ready to take him to the station and he had hurried through his breakfast, leaving us seated at the table as he rose to bid the family good-by. He had kissed all the children, made his adieu to me, and lastly had bid his wife a very affectionate farewell. As he was leaving the room his wife said to him:

"George, will you not leave me some money? I have none at all and you will be gone so long."

He came back very readily and, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a fifty-cent silver piece and laid it on the table beside her plate.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the wife, "this is not enough. Can't you leave me some more?"

"What do you want any money for anyway?" he queried; "I will pay all the bills when I return."

Kissing her again, he hurried away, to be gone two months and leaving no more money in the house than the fifty cents which he had just so generously given her.

Another case was that of a woman whom I knew, of very marked musical ability, who, while single, had been in receipt of a very good income, which she earned by giving lessons in music. Finally she married a very wealthy man, and every one considered her an extremely lucky woman.

After her marriage she discovered that instead of being the happy possessor of a good income she was actually penniless.

She had a beautiful home, horses and carriages, servants, and all the household bills were promptly paid. But she never bought new clothes and never had a penny of pin money.

She had been asked to a very swell entertainment one evening, at which she had sung, and her voice had been greatly admired. She had received many compliments, and her husband had been so proud of her that he had congratulated her upon her success, as they drove home in her handsomely appointed carriage.

"But," she replied sadly, "I could have sung so much better and been so much happier had I been as handsomely gowned as some of the women who listened to me.

This dress I have on is beginning to be shabby, and I have had no new clothes since I have been married."

"That is just like a woman," cried the husband peevishly; "you are never satisfied. What do you want with new clothes? You looked handsomer than any woman in the room in spite of all their fine clothes."

A case which comes to my mind, and which rather refutes the argument brought forward against giving women separate incomes on account of their extravagance, is the following: A man who had been very liberal to his wife in the matter of pin money found himself in serious business difficulties. When he told his wife of his loss of fortune, and the need for extreme economy until he could recover his losses, she astonished him by showing him her bank book with a large sum to her credit. This money she had saved from his liberal allowances in the past and the sum was sufficient to tide over the tight place and eventually helped him to start over again, with unblemished credit. I quote this incident to show that women are capable of becoming good financiers if properly trained.

At the Woman's International Suffrage Convention recently held in Washington the delegate from Germany, I am told, speaking of the advancement of women in her country, mentioned one among their rights which I think points out a remedy for the deplorable conditions which I have mentioned.

"In every marriage contract in Germany," she said, "there is provision made for a separate income for the wife. The husband gives her a certain sum, fixed by law out of his income for her sole use. This sum is larger or smaller according to the man's fortune. This sum is hers to do with exactly as she wishes. It is intended, of course, for the household expenses, for her clothes and her children's, but she can spend it as she pleases.

"Of course, if she dissipates it and does not provide good



meals for her husband there is trouble at once, but if she be a wise woman this will not happen. This allowance is a liberal one, and is absolutely hers as long as she lives. If she be frugal and save some money out of it, so much the better for her; but no business reverses of her husband's can ever touch this income belonging to the wife."

I need not comment on the well-known fact that the German housewives are the thriftiest in the world. If the women of Germany by reason of their training can be taught to spend money so judiciously, why cannot the same be done with the American women?

I have been asked to propose a remedy for what I consider the greatest cause of unhappiness in married life, and it seems to me that the delegate from Hamburg has given us one which cannot be improved upon. Only I should suggest that we go further back than the husband and begin to train the girl before she is old enough to even think of marriage, and that the boy be also taught to be considerate.

I consider it the duty of every father to allow his daughter pin money. Not pin money in the usual acceptance of the word—i.e., money for frivolities, bon-bons, flowers, etc.,—but money for her clothes and her current expenses. This

sum should be in proportion to his income, and the girl should be taught to live within it—to save something out of it, if possible.

If the man's family be large and his income restricted, then he should train his daughters to be self-supporting. To-day, when so many fields are thrown open to women, it is the duty of every father and mother to provide a means of self-support for their daughters as well as their sons, in case by any turn of fortune's wheel the necessity for earning a living should confront them some future day.

Let men get over their mistaken idea that women are not good financiers, and give to their wives a sum adequate to their position in life. It is a man's duty to do this and a woman's right to demand it. Why should she be obliged to ask for every penny she needs? Where is her independence, her dignity, that she should be a beggar on her husband's bounty?

There is nothing so galling to a woman for indeed to a man either, and he should appreciate the fact as the lack of one's own money and the imperative necessity of asking for every penny one needs. Women who have been independent can appreciate the freedom and pleasure there is in spending

money which is theirs by right of inheritance or earning and for which no one can call them to account, and such women are very loath to place themselves in the dependent position of a wife dependent upon her husband's generosity and whim for every cent she needs.

As soon as women become brave enough to demand that an ante-nuptial contract shall give them a certain sum for their personal use, free from all restrictions, and men allow themselves to become convinced that their wives are their equals, not their paralytics, that women can be trained to spend money judiciously and therefore a separate allowance is their due, this one cause of marital unhappiness will, to my mind, be done away with.

Therefore the remedy I would suggest would be:

Fathers, give your daughters an allowance. Oblige them to live within it. Husbands, realize the fact that it is for your wives to be obliged to ask you for every penny they need; that unlimited credit in all the shops is not all a woman craves, and that a personal income, even though small while helping a woman to be independent, will bring more happiness to your home than any amount of credit and not a penny in your wife's pocketbook.

# Educated Suffrage,

by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton



SINCE WOMAN'S DEMAND for the right of suffrage under the Fourteenth Amendment (which was denied by Congress and the courts) the only discussions in Congress have been over appeals for a Sixteenth Amendment until the Bills on Immigration, by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and Senator Kyle of South Dakota, indirectly involving this question and affecting the interests of woman. Their proposition to demand a reading and writing qualification on voting strikes me as arbitrary and equally detrimental to our mutual interests. The danger is not in their landing and living in this country, but in their speedy appearance at the ballot-box, there becoming an impoverished and ignorant balance of power in the hands of wily politicians.

While we should not allow our country to be a dumping-ground for the refuse population of the Old World, still we should welcome all hardy, common-sense laborers here, as we have plenty of room and work for them. Here they can improve their own condition and our surroundings, developing our immense resources and the commerce of the country. The one demand I would make for this class is, that they should not become a part of our ruling power until they can read and write the English language intelligently and understand the principles of republican government. To make a nation homogeneous, its people should all speak one tongue. The dominion of Francis Joseph, in Austria, where fifteen different languages are spoken, illustrates its perils. The officers of the army can be understood by only a small percentage of the soldiers. One can readily imagine the confusion and consequent dangers this would cause in time of war.

To prevent the thousands of immigrants daily landing on our shores from marching from the steeple to the polls the national government should prohibit the States from allowing them to vote in less than five years, and not then unless the applicant could read and write the English language. This is the only restrictive legislation we need to protect ourselves against foreign domination. To this end, Congress should pass a bill for "Educated Suffrage," for our native-born as well as foreign rulers, alike ignorant of our institutions.

With free schools and compulsory education, no one has an excuse for not understanding the language of the country. As women are governed by a "male aristocracy," we are doubly interested in having our rulers able at least to read and write. See with what care in the Old World the prospective heirs to the throne are educated.

There was a time when the members of the British Parliament could neither read nor write, but these accomplishments are now required of the Lords and Commons and even of the King and Queen, while we have rulers, native and foreign, voting for laws who do not understand the letters of the alphabet; and this in a republic supposed to be based on the virtue and intelligence of the people.

Much as we need these measures for the stability of our government, we need them still more for the best interests of woman. This ignorant vote is solid against woman's emancipation. In States where amendments to their Constitutions are proposed for the enfranchisement of women this vote has been, in every case, against the measure. We should ask for national protection against this hostile force playing football with the most sacred rights of one-half of the people. I have long felt that an educational qualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage is a question of such vital consequence that it should be exhaustively discussed by the leaders of thought among our people.

The great political parties fear to propose this measure lest it should ensure their defeat. No aspiring politician, as an individual, would dare express such an opinion, lest it should blast his chance for official position. Hence, only those guided by principle rather than policy are in a position to discuss the merits of this question. Such an amendment to our national Constitution should go into effect at the dawn of this century.

As all who prize this right sufficiently to labor to attain it can easily do so, an educational qualification in no way conflicts with our cherished idea of universal suffrage. According to our theory of government, all our citizens are born

voters, but they must be of age before they can exercise the right. To say they must also read and write the English language is equally logical and fair. We do not propose to withhold this right from any citizen exercising it, but to apply the restriction to all new claimants. Some say that the ignorant classes need the ballot for their protection more than the rich. Well, they have had it and exercised it, and what have they done to protect their own interests? Absolutely nothing; because they did not know in what direction their interests lay, or by what system of legislation they could be lifted out of poverty, vice and ignorance to enjoy liberty, justice and equality.

A gun is a good weapon for a man's protection against his enemy, but if he does not know how to use it it may prove a danger rather than a defence. There is something lacking in our science of industrial economies when multitudes in this land of plenty are suffering abject poverty. Yet by their ignorant votes they have helped to establish the very conditions from which they suffer. The ballot is of value only in the land that knows how to use it.

In establishing free schools our forefathers said to us in plain words: "The stability of a republic depends on the virtue and intelligence of the people."

"Universal suffrage" with us is a mere party cry, a pretence, as thus far we have had "male suffrage" and nothing more. In most of the States qualifications of property, education and color have been abolished, but in only four States have our rulers had the courage and conscience to abolish that of sex. A republic based on the theory of universal suffrage, in which a large class of educated women, representing the virtue, intelligence and wealth of the nation, are disfranchised, is an anomaly in government, especially when all men, foreign and native, ignorant and educated, black and white, vicious and virtuous, by their votes decide the rights and duties of this superior class.

In all national conflicts it is ever deemed the most grievous accident of war for the conquered people to find themselves under a foreign yoke; yet this is the position of the educated women of this Republic to-day. Foreigners are our judges and jurors, our legislators and municipal officials, and decide all questions of interest to us, as to the discipline in our schools, charitable institutions, jails and prisons. Woman has no voice as to the education of her children or the environment of the unhappy wards of the State. The love and sympathy of the mother-soul have but an evanescent influence in all departments of human interest, until coined into law by the hand that holds the ballot; then only do they become a direct and effective power in the government.

As women have no voice in the laws and lawmakers under which they live, they surely have the right to demand that their rulers, foreign and native, shall be able to read and write the English language. As it would take the ordinary immigrant at least five years to learn our language, we should be sure he had been here the prescribed time before exercising his right to vote. An educational qualification would also stimulate our native population to avail themselves of all the opportunities for learning. In basing suffrage on sex we have defeated the intentions of our ancestors and made their principles of government mere glittering generalities. The popular objection to woman suffrage is that it would "double the ignorant vote." The patent answer to this is: Abolish the ignorant vote. Our legislators have this power in their own hands. There have been various restrictions in the past for men. We are willing to abide by the same for women, provided the insurmountable qualification of sex be forever removed.

In the discussion of this question educated women must now lead the way. Some reformers do not see the wisdom of the measure, so the few who do must take the initiative in

arousing public thought and creating a widespread agitation of this step in woman's emancipation. Some years ago the Supreme Court of Wyoming handed down an important and far-reaching decision. The Court decided that foreign-born citizens of the State of Wyoming must be able to read the Constitution of the State in the English language in order to vote, and that the ability to read the Constitution in a foreign language is not a compliance with the requirements of the Constitution.

Some of the opponents talk as if educated suffrage would be invidious to the best interests of the laboring masses, whereas it would be most beneficial in its ultimate influence. You who can read and write and enjoy hours in a library, gleaming there the history of the past as well as advancing civilization; you who can visit the galleries of art, and with your knowledge of the classics, poetry and mythology appreciate what the pictures say, little realize the starved condition of the uncultured mind. Blot this knowledge from your mind and you may then understand the solitude of ignorance; who can measure its misery? Surely, when we compel all classes to learn to read and write and thus open to themselves the door to knowledge, not by force but by the promise of a privilege all intelligent citizens enjoy, we are benefactors and not tyrants. To stimulate them to climb the first rounds of the ladder that they may reach the divine heights where they shall be as gods, knowing good and evil, by withholding the citizens' rights to vote for a few years, is a blessing to them as well as to the State. The condition of the laboring masses to-day, without adequate shelter, food and clothes, is the result of their own ignorance of the manner in which the broad distinctions in society have been created. I am fully aware that simply reading and writing will not secure the key to the whole situation, but it is the first necessary step, without which the laboring man can never make and control his own environment.

We must inspire our people with a new sense of their sacred duties as citizens of a republic and place new guards around our ballot-box.

Walking in Paris one day, I was deeply impressed with an emblematic statue in the Place du Château d'Eau, placed there in 1883 in honor of the Republic. On one side is a magnificent bronze lion with his forepaw on the electoral urn (which answers to our ballot-box), as if to guard it from all unholy uses. Having overturned all pretensions to royalty, nobility, and all artificial distinctions in class, and declared the right of the people to a voice in the making of their laws and the selection of their rulers, they exalted the idea of republican government and universal suffrage with this magnificent monument—the royal lion guarding the sacred treasures within the electoral urn.

As I turned away I thought of the American Republic and our ballot-box, with no guardian or sacred reverence for its contents among the people. Ignorance, poverty and vice crowd its precincts; thousands from every incoming steamer march from the steeple to the polls, while educated women, representing the virtue and intelligence of the nation, are driven away. I would like to see a monument to "Educated Suffrage" in front of our National Capitol, guarded by the goddess Minerva, her right hand resting on the ballot-box, her left hand on the spelling-book, the Declaration of Rights, and the National Constitution.

It would be well for us to ponder the Frenchman's ideas, but instead of the royal lion, representing force, let us substitute wisdom and virtue in the form of woman.

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## SERIALS & SHORT STORIES about to appear in Collier's Weekly

THE publication last fall of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's three-part story "In the Fog" met with such immediate and widespread success that we have been led to believe that the short serial is a popular form for the presentation of fiction at the present time. The long serial, unless full of stirring incidents, may occasionally fail to hold the reader's interest; the complete-in-one-part short story is frequently so good that the reader wants more. Therefore the three or four part serial appears to be the solution of the fiction problem. We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured another story about the same length as "In the Fog," to be published in three parts, beginning May 10, by

**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**

It is entitled "Ransom's Folly," and is a story of adventure, with the scene laid at an army post in the Far West. The hero is a devil-may-care lieutenant of cavalry, and the heroine a very attractive young woman of typical Western capabilities. It is illustrated by Frederic Remington.

**PAUL LEICESTER FORD**

Author of "Janice Meredith"

Is preparing a short serial that promises to be a tale of absorbing interest. He has chosen a theme entirely different from any yet treated by him—a field rich in romance and adventure.

**MARY CHOLMONDELEY**

Author of "Red Pottage"

Has written for publication during the summer a powerful, in fact almost melodramatic story, full of pathos and human interest. It will appear in four or six parts.

**I. ZANGWILL**

Author of "The Children of the Ghetto"

Has written for us a witty and satirical comedy of English society life which he has entitled: "Chassez-Croisez."

**HENRY HARLAND**

Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box"

Teller of delightful love stories, will contribute two stories during the coming months.

**THOMAS HARDY**

Author of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"

Will give to the *Weekly* the first short story that has come from his pen for several years.

**FRANK R. STOCKTON**

Author of "Kate Bonnet"

Has written a ghost story full of quaintness and characteristic humor.

**"Q"—A. T. QUILLER-COUCH**

Author of "The Splendid Spar"

Contributes three stories, the first of which will be published next week.

**F. HOPKINSON SMITH**

Author of "Col. Carter of Cartersville"

Has written a Venetian story, entitled "Marny's Shadow," which is a character study steeped in local color.

**EGERTON CASTLE**

Author of "The Pride of Jennico"

Has written six charming stories dealing with the gayeties and intrigues of Bath.

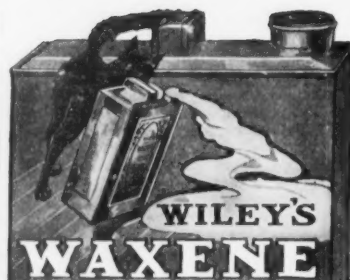
**OWEN WISTER**

Author of "Red Men and White"

Gives us a fascinating tale, under the title of "The Captain's Mustache," full of humor and adventure.



THE editors will be glad to receive from their women readers a candid criticism of this *Woman's Number*. What is wanted is constructive criticism, criticism that suggests improvements rather than that which merely points out defects. We are asking for suggestions for the interests of women from those most directly affected, in order that we may introduce features during the coming year that will make *Collier's Weekly* indispensable in every home. In order to stimulate correspondence on this subject, we will give a copy of Wenzell's "Passing Show," a fine collection of that artist's most beautiful drawings of pretty girls, to the ten women who, in answer to the present request, offer the best ideas available for *Collier's Weekly*.



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Maude Adams



Ida Conquest



Clara Bloodgood

## The Stage as a Career for Women

By MARGARET ANGLIN

THE STAGE as a career for women? Sitting in my dressing-room at the Empire Theatre just after the curtain has gone down on the matinee of "The Twin Sister," and as I am about to start writing these few lines, I cannot help thinking how nearly the career of one woman on the stage came ending right here.

I had been a member of a dramatic school and had been cast for a part in the final performance of the school year. It took place at the Empire Theatre and several members of the Empire Stock Company were in it. Among those I particularly remember were Mr. Faversham and Mr. Cyril Scott. The play was called "Cross Keys," and the first act was set with a landscape and a lake. I had the dressing-room across the stage from here. I was dressed and sitting there waiting for something to happen. I knew nothing about the arrangements for the performance and supposed of course there would be an overture, and that after that, when my time came to go on, I would be summoned by a call boy. I sat waiting, and waiting, and waiting. No call boy; no overture. But suddenly, to my horror, I heard voices on the stage, and my cue. I forgot about everything else except to get on the stage as quickly as possible; with the result that on I dashed right through the lake!

It was a terrible thing to have done. Mr. Faversham and Mr. Scott, who were on the stage, had had experience. They went right on as if nothing had happened. But poor me!—it upset me completely. I made a failure of everything, and all through the performance, when I wasn't on the stage, I was sitting in that dressing-room over there crying, and for days afterward I cried, cried and cried.

Now, to the young aspirant for stage honors this disastrous incident may convey a lesson. I had worked hard at the school all winter, and had, in fact, been selected for that reason to take part in the final performance. I had thoroughly prepared for it. I knew my lines and had been drilled in the "business." Yet when the crucial moment came a wholly unforeseen accident nearly put an end to my career then and there. The reason is that even with all the care I had taken I should have done something besides. I should have made sure whether there was to be music or not, and I should have known all about the arrangements incidental to the performance. At the same time it must be borne in mind that, discouraging as such an incident may be, especially at the very outset of one's career, a woman who would give up a dramatic career because of it would find no career anywhere else—nor deserve to. On the stage, as in all professions, success is won by courage and untiring industry.

I really shrink from writing about myself for fear of being considered egotistic. Yet in considering the stage as a career for women I must look at the subject from my own standpoint, and this makes it necessary for me to tell something about myself. No one connected with me, so far as I know, has ever been on the stage, nor did any of my family, myself not excepted, dream that I would go on.

The theatre interested me, even when I was a child. I remember the first regular play I ever saw was the "Danites," and a creepy man in that play who wore, I remember, a fur

hat with long things hanging down from it, haunted me for weeks and the play itself nearly frightened me to death. The second play I saw was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That made no impression on me at all—which, perhaps, is more of a reflection on myself than on the play.

I might say, by the way, that I am a Canadian, having been born April 3, 1876, in Ottawa, where my father was Speaker of the House of Commons. I was educated at a French convent in Montreal, and when I came to New York to enter a dramatic school in October, 1893, it was with no idea of going on the stage but to study elocution. But the first thing I knew, after I had been in the school a short time, I found myself on the stage with the other pupils.

It is a somewhat amusing fact that when I made that dismal failure at the Empire Theatre I was under engagement to

pretty sure of an offer of an engagement when her school term is over.

But the young aspirant for stage honors must not be disheartened if, after what seems an early preference, she receives a setback. I had a heart-breaking experience after my season in "Shenandoah." Mr. Frohman didn't want me any more, and during the next season I simply roamed from one office to another looking in vain for an engagement. I don't think I acted during that entire season more than a few weeks, and they were one-night stands in second-class theatres. The season of 1896-97 opened in the same hopeless way for me, but toward the end of the season I secured a position to play second parts with James O'Neill and, after a week, was advanced to first parts.

My experience with Mr. O'Neill was most valuable, for I had opportunity to appear as Ophelia, Virginia, Julie, and Mercedes in "Monte Cristo." Whoever has chosen the stage as a career must never allow any opportunity for gaining experience to slip by. Opportunities to play such a variety of roles as I did with Mr. O'Neill are the means of broadening one's artistic horizon and building up one's technique.

Finally Mr. Daniel Frohman engaged me to play Meg, the ragged little rough-and-tumble soubrette in Mr. Sothorn's "Lord Chumley." I hated the rôle, and had to swallow tears and pride to do it. But my willingness to swallow my tears and my pride gave me the opportunity which at last brought me success. One reason, in fact, why I have written this somewhat in the form of a biographical sketch is because this incident shows so clearly that the best way to succeed is to try to do well whatever is given you to do. I consider that the young woman on the stage who would turn up her nose at a rôle because she did not consider it good enough and slur it over—I consider such a girl hopelessly lost.

I simply loathed Meg, yet I tried to do my very best with it. I think Mr. Sothorn appreciated this; for, Miss Harned falling ill, he gave me, after only one rehearsal, the rôle of Lady Ursula in Anthony Hope's play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." What I did with the rôle it is not for me to say. I only know it led to my engagement to play Roxane with Mr. Mansfield. I may say, therefore, that that nasty little Meg really led to my being "discovered."

I think the stage as a career offers more and more opportunity for women. There are more theatres, more companies, more attractions. What is very important, the stage has been put upon a thorough-going business basis. A young woman can go on the stage and rise step by step, as she would in any regular mercantile employment.

As regards the temptations of the stage that are so frequently spoken of by moralists, I believe that question can be summed up in the simple statement that the stage offers no greater temptations to women than any other employment that takes them from the household circle.

It is a question which every woman, whether she be on the stage or on Fifth Avenue, answers for herself.

Photograph by Sarony



Margaret Anglin

Mr. Frohman, but he didn't know it. He was putting on "Shenandoah" at the Academy of Music, had sent to the dramatic school for some one to play minor rôles and, on my teacher's recommendation, had engaged me. I think I played nearly every female minor rôle in "Shenandoah" during the season of 1894-95, and it was good experience for me. Moreover, my having been engaged shows the advantage of the dramatic school as a starting-point for beginners.

My advice to a young woman wishing to make the stage her career would be by all means to attend a good school of acting, for a recommendation from her teachers would go a long way to secure her the opportunity to make her début. Moreover, managers have their representatives at the performances which are given by these schools, and any girl who shows talent is

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Adele Ritchie



Ethel Barrymore



Virginia Harned



Julia Marlowe

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## Myself, my Art, and my

**M**Y ART is producing plays and acting in them rather than in writing or talking about them; but there are certain principles which are always in my mind, and some of them have been called particularly to my attention by the experience of putting them before an entirely new people. The reception that this new people has given to the six plays which have been offered to them and to my own work has something of the variety that is characteristic of the country itself and of the people. This could hardly be otherwise.

In London, I have played long enough for my audiences to know just what the Royal Theatre means, and they go there in search of a kind of art which is valuable to them, which they do not find, perhaps, so regularly at the other theatres, and with which I am in their minds identified. In this country, instead of producing one new play and then, after you are familiar with that, trying another, I have given six at once to a community which was unfamiliar with some of the dramas, tired of others, and naturally unacquainted with my own style of work. The best proof that the general result has been satisfactory to me is that I intend to come back for a longer season next year and to produce a number of other plays, some of them to continue the lines followed this year and others to strike out in new directions.

The tour has given the kind of experience which keeps the artist alive and progressive. There has been no indifference; there have been sharply conflicting ideas—some for the kind of art represented, some against—and this is a much more interesting attitude than any other. It shows that the audiences are alive, and that the art itself is alive, and therefore sure to mean something, whether acceptable or not, to almost everybody. There has been a generous amount of the praise which is based on understanding and is the only kind of much value.

I have found this comprehension of the real meaning and worth of Björnson, Maeterlinck, Pinero and Sudermann in all sorts of people, from the simplest to the most intellectual, and from the poorest to that class which is erroneously supposed to be shut out from any interests not shallow or frivolous. With this comprehension and sympathy have gone misunderstanding and bewilderment, which also have their uses to the observant artist, and which are the source of a real satisfaction when it is possible by continued work to diminish them. Perhaps the pleasantest aspect of this first tour is the fact that the audiences have invariably been larger and more friendly at the end of the run in any town than at the beginning, and the same change has taken place in the press, which is presumably something of an indication of public opinion.

When we played "Beyond Human Power" in one of the largest cities a man went to the box-office at the end of the performance and demanded back his money on the ground that what he had seen was not a play at all and that his two dollars had been extracted from him under false pretences. My love is for an art so stimulating and so real that it fills hundreds with feelings and ideas which they value and remember—even if, at the same time, it fills others with comic despair—not for plays which puzzle nobody and help nobody to anything better than the worthless filling of a vacant evening. I have had a play in my possession which I believed would run well and have postponed it as long as I could from the very fear that its popular success would make more difficult the frequent production of dramas which interest me more but which cannot be expected to have as long lives as staple articles in a department shop.

Certainly there is not one of the plays in my repertory of this year which the conventional manager would call, in the American parlance, "a good business proposition." "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Magda" have been "played to death" here. "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" ran a week some years ago and died. "Marilena" is a foreign work, dealing with conditions not familiar here. The very idea of Björnson and Maeterlinck makes the manager look gloomy. Yet these plays have been given, and given without the



## Audience by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

beautiful and only scenes which are intimately connected with the expression of her nature. There is no mere stage task given to her; therefore it is easier, perhaps, and less of a break with tradition, to make Lady Macbeth a real woman, free of everything theatrical, than it is to represent Juliet in the test theatrical scene with a similar simplicity.

This belief of mine, that truth to nature is more interesting than artificial theatrical effects, explains a certain difference between me and some critics about the proper way to play various scenes in the dramas which have been presented here. In both of Mr. Pinero's plays and in "Magda" there are situations which could easily be made more theatrical than they are made in the performances of my company, and this theatrical element is demanded by a part of the public which has been brought up on it, has not learned the difference between the theatrical and the dramatic, and has not acquired taste for a more pervading and less artificial method of expression.

I believe that modern acting, like modern literature, should be more moderate, more suggestive, more subtle than the acting of former times, with less of what Walter Scott called the "big bow-wow." In acting, as in literature, we should perfect merits of our own rather than imitate the virtues of another age, for the virtues of one time may well be the vices of another. This preference for acting which interprets, which retires within the character and the meaning of the play and makes no open appeal to the audience, naturally increases my preference for those dramas which call beyond mistake for this kind of acting, a noticeable instance of which is "Beyond Human Power"—a drama so subtle that all who are capable of understanding it at all can see that anything forced, artificial or extravagant would be a hopeless discord in the acting of a play in which all the intensity of feeling and all the depth of meaning are inward and spiritual. It is recognized that in a painting the tone must be preserved; that to destroy that harmony of color and illumination which we call tone for the sake of making some detail stand out flagrantly is cheap art. Perhaps the day will come when the same practice in acting will be as universally deemed meretricious.

The human mind naturally notices most actively what is strange to it, and this fact may give the explanation of the strange statements sometimes made that most of the women which I have played on this trip are alike. To a man unfamiliar with style in painting every picture of Monet, whether representing a cathedral, a haystack or a seacoast, looks alike, because he sees nothing except a something which is novel to him and he is in no condition to see or to judge either the style or what it presents, both of which he may be able to do properly after a certain amount of familiarity.

Until his style is familiar the artist must expect a certain coldness toward the content of his work. This perhaps explains the fact that some intelligent people have seen characters and plays which were utterly different and have believed that they were alike; that there is a certain modern tone in them all is enough to make some minds group them without discrimination. Surely to one who has become properly acquainted with the dramatic art of to-day, so as to be able to feel and to see, there could be no greater contrast than between Melisande and Paula, between Magda and Clara Sang, and even the distinction between Paula and Mrs. Ebb-smith, to keep within the creation of one dramatist, is absolute. Is it not very probable that if we had now for the first time to read Shakespeare the fact that there is a manner which is characteristic of him would lead some people to say, even of him, the most varied of all literary creators, that his people were alike?

Art is proverbially long, both in its growth and in its acceptance. The amount of Björnson, Maeterlinck, Pinero and Sudermann that has been understood and loved by the American people in the last few months has been a satisfaction and an inspiration to me. I shall give them more plays which breathe the spirit of modern art as I feel it, and I have faith that the longer they know such plays the more thorough will be an artistic friendship which has been auspiciously begun.

support of any conventional practical drama in the repertory, and the result, even in dollars and cents, has been enough to satisfy the most avaricious.

This means something for the dramatic future of your country; it means, perhaps, that when plays of intellectual value are acted suitably, with a real love of them, and with an understanding of their purpose and nature, they may find an audience not only superior in quality to what is drawn by the routine dramas, but even larger in numbers. This ought to be more and more true every year, for the country is young and eager, with the virtues of youth as well as its unipeness; with a youth which, from what I have seen, I should think promised an admirable maturity.

The character among those played here which appeals to me most constantly and most intimately is Melisande. The character herself is very congenial to me—it represents so beautifully the youth of all good women—and the whole drama, and Maeterlinck's work in general, of which I hope to produce more, seems to me perhaps the most vital expression of contemporary art.

Art is best when it is the production and the mirror of its own time, and "Pelléus and Melisande" represents what tragedy is to the most refined taste and imagination of our day. Tragedy to-day hangs less on the literal fate or struggle of one exceptional individual than on the sense of the mysterious and the terrible pervading the whole atmosphere of the work of art, and nobody gives the feeling of modern tragedy more individually than Maeterlinck.

Another change is that tragedy has lost some of the excess of horror and of brutality which it used to have. Our sensibilities are perhaps more delicate. At any rate, while we are willing to be saddened by the facts of life, we see no value in exaggerated horrors, and the gentle, tender truth with which Maeterlinck expresses the eternally sad things appeals to me more than the crudities of even the great Elizabethans. My nature has always tended in this direction, and perhaps a special fondness for Maeterlinck is natural, since my strongest love from early days has been the love of music, the one great art which belongs exclusively to the modern world, and the one which is in such close sympathy with the spirit and the beauties of the Belgian poet.

Of course, sympathy with modern feeling and the love of the best modern art ought not to shut one off from the greatest works which have come to us from the past. They are as much a part of us as any side of our education is. I have acted in tragedies of the greatest English dramatist and I expect to act in his plays in this country, but even when playing Shakespeare I feel him in a way which makes him a reality to me, not in the settled conventions of any school. For this reason I have always cared less for scenes which were inserted by Shakespeare as a practical dramatist, who wished to give his actors an opportunity to show off their declamation, than for those in which what moved him was the beauty and the truth of the story he was telling or the character he was painting.

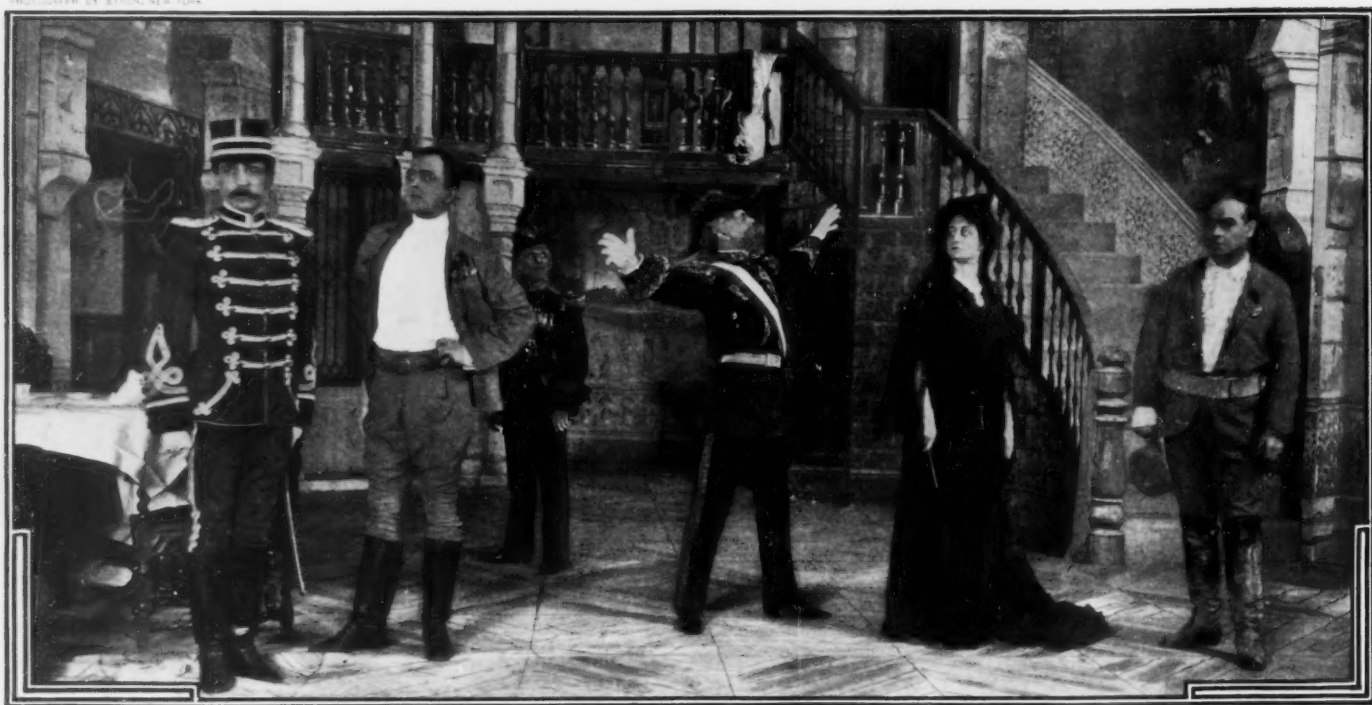
The potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet" is to me of a value infinitely below many other parts of the play, and one reason why I have a liking for the rôle of Lady Macbeth is that to her Shakespeare has given only language which is significant and





*Portrait of a Lady*

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"Soldiers of Fortune," Richard Harding Davis's Play at the Savoy Theatre—Scene from Act III.

## "Soldiers of Fortune"—A Clever Play

By GUSTAV KOBBE

IS IT ONE PLAY more and one book less? Is it a play and a book? Or is it just a play? The last. For "Soldiers of Fortune," dramatized by Augustus Thomas from Richard Harding Davis's fascinating story, will neither supersede the book nor add to its charm.

Simply a play—such is "Soldiers of Fortune" as now running at the Savoy Theatre, New York. A clever play, a good evening's entertainment; but it no more has stepped out of the pages of the book than the excellent actors seen in it are Gibson's delightful drawings come to life.

How well Davis and Gibson worked together in some of the author's earlier productions! A feature of Gibson's drawings for Davis's stories was the hero's evident identity with the author himself. Doubtless many an author, with a sigh of vain regret, acknowledged to himself—very much to himself, in fact—that there was considerable advantage in being young, handsome and adventurous enough to "play up" yourself as the hero of your own book and have the public like it.

I believe Davis may be said to have discovered in "Soldiers of Fortune" the literary value of South American revolutions. These affairs are a curious mixture—humor enough for a burlesque and enough of the reverse, usually in the form of assassination, for tragedy. One of the great merits of "Soldiers of Fortune" as a book is that you feel this dual quality in the political events in which, as in a kaleidoscopic frame, the story is set. Here is a revolution headed by the typical South American general, grandiloquent with patriotic phrases, yet holding out one hand for a bribe while with the other he brandishes a sword. The humor and the tragedy of revolution, as it is "revoluted" in South America, are typified in this picture. Both hands are ready for business. Drop gold into one, the sword will return to its scabbard. Keep your gold in your own purse, the other hand gives the signal for revolt. The thing that ensues will be promiscuous and vague (and therein again lies the humor); but a few stray shots will hit (and therein again lies the tragedy).

In "Soldiers of Fortune" Clay does not pay to have the sword sheathed. He is too much of a man and an American for that, even though he has on his hands Mr. Langham and his daughters, one of whom is the fair Hope; and the mining concession which Mr. Langham holds and the mines which he, Clay, superintends are the ostensible cause of the revolution. In their danger and that of Mme. Alvarez, whose husband, the President, is murdered; in their hair-breadth escapes; and in the manner in which Clay, ever cool, masters the intricate situation, facing peril with a smile and death with a laugh, lies the stress of the story.

Mr. Davis tells it all so tersely, rapidly and graphically that your interest in the dangers and escapades of the fugitives and in their final rescue would cause you to forget the tragedy in the background, had not the author, with great skill, made the assassination of Captain Stuart, commander of the President's bodyguard, one of the strongest chapters in the book. The young Englishman, a soldier of fortune, steady and loyal, too true to make known his passion for the wife of the man he serves, though hers for him is clearly enough shown, loses his life through treachery while trying to defend her. And while the insurgents are battering down the palace gates, it is not the woman for whom he has given his life who decently lays out the dead body, but Clay and Hope, the latter reverently pressing a kiss on the slain soldier's brow.

When we come to the play such touches are missed. They are missed in almost every dramatization of a novel. In the play Stuart is killed, but both he and Mme. Alvarez are too slight as characters in the action to make the episode poignant. The scene with Clay and Hope over the body is omitted, though it would seem to the reader of the book to suggest a silent, yet wonderfully strong, climax to the third act. I suppose Mr. Thomas, following dramatic convention, concluded that an audience could never stand for a heroine who kisses a dead man before she has kissed the live hero. There is wherein the novelist has the advantage over the dramatist.

He can write all around such a scene, so that the reader understands its exact relation to the rest of the story. The dramatist can only take naked facts and place them in action before the public's eye. Had Mr. Thomas reproduced this scene his audience might have said to itself: "Hello! is that girl in love with Stuart? We thought all along she was in love with Clay."

With every recurring dramatization of a novel such problems present themselves. With almost every recurring dramatization of a novel, the novel stands out conspicuously from the play. For this reason, deft as is Mr. Thomas's dramatization of "Soldiers of Fortune," it fails to reproduce the invisible charm of the book. Much of that charm lay in Mr. Davis's terse literary style—the art of saying much in little, of conveying a line in a word, a page in a line, a chapter in a page. The play is condensed enough, but condensed action has not the flavor of terse literary style. Whatever may be said of Richard Harding Davis by men who are eaten up with jealousy because he passed them early in the race, the fact remains that he is a very distinct personality in American letters. His characters are types—the "new men" and the "new women" of America. He has done for them in fiction what Gibson has done for them in illustration. Observe in "Soldiers of Fortune" the difference between Mme. Alvarez and Hope—the former a helpless burden on the hands of those who save her; the latter buoyant, high-spirited, courageous.

In the play these attractive young persons find excellent representatives in Robert Edson and Gretchen Lyons; and "Soldiers of Fortune" has proved a capital vehicle for Mr. Edson's debut as a star. A clever hit also is made by Harry Harwood as MacWilliams, a character which very well suits Mr. Thomas's special gift of dramatic authorship. The staging is excellent.

Finally—I probably would like the play better did I not like the book so much.



SOME NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STREET AND VISITING GOWNS, Designed for Prominent Actresses, and Exhibited on a Beautiful Model at Vienna, Austria





"A large hand that wants your small one"

# The One Day Princess

By CAROLINE DUER, Author of "Unconscious Comedians," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS

LITTLE MISS MARTIN had lost her place. The words of dismissal had been kindly spoken—plans were changed, the family were going abroad, the children needed the guardianship of a much older, more experienced and, Miss Martin would understand, more *positive* person, if their mother carried out her present intention of settling them with a governess in some quiet, healthy place, while she and their father went yachting together. But in spite of gentle words and plausible excuses, Betty Martin's heart was heavy with discouragement as she stood looking out of the nursery window. This was her first venture; she had tried her best, her very best, and she had failed.

"It is perfectly true," she said to herself disconsolately, as she watched a broad-hipped, flat-faced young Irish woman lifting a stout baby across the street by one arm. "I have no authority over the children. I spoil them and they know they can defy me when they please. If I only had the heart to treat them like that, now," half-laughing, as she saw the stout baby trying to break away from the maternal clutch and being shaken into submission, "I dare say they would respect me, but I haven't. I have not the power to control them, nor the sense to keep from being hurt when they are rude and inconsiderate. Mrs. Haughton is quite right not to take me abroad with her, but—what am I to do next? If she is dissatisfied with me, how can she recommend me?"

The outlines of the marble arch, pink in the sunset, and of the trees in the Square, and of the carriages and the people passing up and down the street, wavered for a second, and it was only by looking straight up into the paler glow of the sky directly overhead that a small catastrophe was averted.

Betty gave herself a little shake of disapproval. This would never do. Other places were to be come by, she supposed. Perhaps all children were not as hard to manage as the boisterous brood over whom she had vainly tried to rule. Or perhaps she had better give over trying to teach "Early Arithmetic" and "Reading without Tears" (the last only deserving of its name when she herself did the reading), and those most tiresome little rhymes which are supposed to fix facts forever in the volatile infant mind. Some nice little old invalid lady might need a companion, or some bustling philanthropic one a secretary; she must learn typewriting for that—but come

what would she could not confess herself beaten and go home as Mrs. Haughton evidently expected her to do.

She turned away from the window, and began to pace up and down the room with her hands behind her, as she had a habit of doing when she was troubled. She thought of the village street, and of the all gray-shingled house near the church, of her sisters and her stepmother—poor patient stepmother, shut away from all the friends and associations and comforts of her youth because the little fortune she once possessed had been squandered by Betty's handsome, good-for-nothing father long before his unsteady feet carried him to that turning from where a man's future course is hidden, perhaps mercifully, from the eyes of his fellow mortals. She thought of all this and sighed.

From the time she could understand them, Betty had always felt she owed atonement for her father's misdeeds, and so, when Mrs. Haughton, whose great, square, white stone palace on the hill had been for some years the pride of the surrounding country, asked her to undertake the charge and amusement of the children for certain long summer-day hours, she had accepted gladly. Here, at least, was an opportunity to lessen a burden if she might not confer a benefit.

The arrangement had worked so well during the summer that it hardly surprised her to find herself carried off to town for the winter—at a slightly advanced salary—in company with the dolls and books and games and pet animals judged necessary for the comfort and convenience of the little Haughtons. But unfortunately it seemed that gentle manners, a happy temper and patience in inventing plays and answering questions were qualities inadequate to command the situation. Among gardens and woods and fields and flowers, when high spirits could explode harmlessly in the air, and where superfluous mischief could be worked off by the muscles, her companionship was tolerated; but when it came to winter weather, shut-up rooms and lessons, the children would have none of her. They bullied her and imposed upon her, and she knew it. It was absurd to have imagined that she could cope with them any longer—but she *had* imagined it, and had seen no reason to think that the comfortable sum she was in the habit of sending home at the end of each month would soon be hers no more to send.

She could not bear to write and tell her people that they must not count upon it now—at least she could not bear to write until she had the prospect of some other place, she did not care what. She asked no better than to stay in town and work hard all summer, but here Betty blushed a little bit to herself, for if she stayed in town all summer she might see—just in the street, as they passed each other—or at least she did not put herself out of the way of seeing—in the street—perhaps—somebody in whom she—couldn't help taking an interest.

The sound of shrill voices and pounding feet on the stairs roused her, and, picking up the nursery cat, who had an insane habit of sitting exactly where the opening door would dash its brains out, she waited for her riotous charges.

"Little wretches!" she exclaimed, trying to screw her spirits up to mock ferocity as they danced about her, eager tongues gabbling and eager hands reaching for the animal on her shoulder. "I wish your next dragon joy of you! Do you know that I am going to leave you almost at once? Shall you be sorry?"

In the confused babel of not too mournful sound which followed a masculine voice broke in, and Betty, turning, beheld a great, broad-shouldered, red-headed young man blocking up the doorway. Under his arm he held the youngest Haughton boy, whose rumpled sailor clothes, tousled curls and delighted chuckles bore testimony to a joyous scuffle, not unmingled with tickling, in the hall.

"What is this I hear, Miss Martin?" said the young man, depositing his burden on the floor. ("There you are, old boy, and if I were you I'd have my hair brushed before supper.") What is this about leaving? Have they worn your patience out at last? I'm not surprised, but I'm very sorry.

"Not exactly that—" she began hesitatingly, as she put down the cat and gave her hand gladly to the firm pressure of his. "I'm afraid it's the other way."

"Dr. Jack's going to stay for supper! Dr. Jack's going to have tea with us! He said he would! Mamma said he might! We're going to have jam!" shouted the children.

"Mrs. Haughton is worried about Dora," said Dr. Jack in an undertone to Betty. "Says her face twitches when she's tired, and that she's nervous and doesn't eat. Wants me to watch her a bit. You don't mind my coming to tea?"

Mind his coming! Betty's heart had just turned a complete somersault of joy and she was conscious that her cheeks were getting hot and her fingers cold. "We shall be charmed,"

she answered demurely, "and will try to behave ourselves as befits the occasion. I don't think you have broken bread with us since the time when Herbert was recovering from scarlet fever and wouldn't eat his milk toast unless you shared it."

The young man gave a shudder at the recollection. "I've been very careful how I ordered milk toast for contumacious invalids since then, I can tell you," he said, as he followed her into the schoolroom where the children's evening meal was being served.

"But you ordered horrid stuff for me, Dr. Jack, the time I broke my collar-bone," cried Dora, swinging herself to and fro by his hand.

"That was to teach you not to break it again," he answered, pulling out her chair for her. "You've kept Miss Martin and me busy enough all the winter. As fast as we mended one of you another got damaged. So you're really going to leave them to their own devices?" he added, looking at Betty.

"Mamma says we're getting beyond Miss Martin," put in Dora pertly; but here a clamor broke out at the foot of the table and Miss Martin was enabled to ignore the remark. Herbert of the sailor suit was in hot dispute with his second sister, Charlotte, over which fairy story should be read aloud that night.

"You surely don't want a story to-night when you have Dr. Hamilton to talk to," remonstrated Betty. "Besides, I finished Grimm for the second time only yesterday."

But it appeared that Grimm and nothing else would satisfy Herbert. Charlotte's taste inclined toward "Fuz Buz, the Fly," but gave way under pressure. Philip and Mary simply called for Ogres and Giants and plenty of them, while Dora was magnificently indifferent. She had reached an age where she preferred to set off conversational fireworks for the benefit of grown-up bystanders, but if she were discouraged in this, she could listen to reading as well as the next one.

Perhaps Betty also had looked forward to general and particular conversation, but her habit of acceding to requests which there was no great reason for denying was too strong for her. She saw what might be her best, perhaps her only, chance of talking to Jack Hamilton slipping away, as she went to fetch the bulging old green and gold volume, but she only sighed a little as she sat down and opened it.



Betty Martin's heart was heavy



Under his arm he held the youngest Haughton



"TIRED"

DRAWN BY W. T.





RED OUT"

AWN B. W. T. SMEDLEY

PRINT IN BINDING

"Mrs. Haughton likes me to read to them," she said, looking up at him apologetically. "She thinks they eat more when their minds are diverted."

Dr. Jack nodded. "They probably eat a great deal too much," he observed, laughing, as he buttered a piece of bread for himself and liberally spread it with strawberry jam. "Are you greedy, Philip? I love jam myself and I never get it at home. Go on, Miss Martin; I must be off in a minute and I want to hear the story."

So Betty read how the little maiden who washed the dishes all day long at night put on the dress which was more lovely and shining than the stars and went to the ball, where everybody wondered who she was.

"I don't think much of a 'moonlight stand' princess, do you, Herbert?" said Dr. Jack, fondling the boy, who had climbed upon his knees with a couple of Albert biscuits in one fist and a silver mug full of milk in the other.

Betty loved to see the great, strong, long-fingered hand outlined against the blue serge of the child's blouse. It was very gentle and skilful—that strong hand.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Charlotte, brandishing a sticky spoon. "That reminds me of the name of the present I got for Miss Martin to-day, 'cause she's going away. 'The One Day Princess' is on the box. Ma'ma wead it to me. Wait till I get it! It's the most beautiful thing you ever saw." She dashed away frantically and returned with a square wooden box out of which burst a round glass clock with a glittering ring of red and white mock jewels encircling the face.

"It's very appropriately named," said Dr. Jack, gravely examining it. "Nothing as gorgeous as that *could* go by itself for more than a day. Mind you wind it carefully, Miss Martin, and if it breaks down send for me. I am even better with clocks than I am with children. When do you go?" he added, putting Herbert, biscuit, milk and all into the chair from which he had just risen and coming over to her.

"In a few days," she answered unsteadily. "Charlotte, that is the most beautiful present in the whole world. I never saw anything so pretty. It was very sweet in you to think of it, dear. You don't know how much I shall value it."

"Well, it cost rather a good deal of money," said Charlotte, swelling with pride.

"Twice as much as Philip and Herbert's present," put in Dora.

"Are you going home, Miss Martin?" asked Jack.

"No—oh no! not yet. I must take another place here. I'm not going home."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said heartily, his grayish-green eyes looking kindly down into her troubled blue ones; "for then we may meet again soon, perhaps. Let me know if I can be of any use to you, won't you? Good by. Good luck to you. In case I don't find Mrs. Haughton downstairs, will you tell her that I can't see anything to alarm her? The child's all right. Don't forget, will you, to let me know your next move?"

The children crowded into the hall after him to shout farewells over the banisters, and Betty walked to the window, from whence no blandishments could draw her until she had heard the house-door shut and seen the tall figure swing away into the dusk. Then she sat down and finished the interrupted story.

The days before her departure were few, and she felt them only as alternate bars of light and darkness, as one is conscious of the opening and closing in of tunnel walls while the train dashes through.

She could hardly realize that her occupation was gone and she herself practically adrift in the great city, as she stood on the steps watching the carriage out of sight. They were off, Mr. and Mrs. Haughton in the brougham, the children and their nurses in the omnibus, the baggage in an enormous truck. In a short time they would be at sea, and she—she would be arranging her small possessions in the tiny third-story room she had taken at the house of an accommodating little dressmaker, a person who occasionally refreshed and altered Mrs. Haughton's French frocks.

She had secured this sheltering corner for a month, during which time she believed that she should be able to find a situation of some sort. She had a month's salary ahead, and a letter of rather vague recommendation in her pocket, which Mrs.



Proceeded to do a great deal of . . . unnecessary housework

Haughton had given her with an apologetic "But of course you won't need to use it till next winter, when I can speak for you myself, Miss Martin."

She had the children's little presents packed away among her simple fineries. The trunk had gone by now, she supposed. It was hardly worth while going upstairs again, though the dread of the new life and unfamiliar surroundings was heavy in her heart. She felt very lonely and forlorn, poor little soul, as she stood hesitating in the long marble-paved hall, gazing wistfully up the red-carpeted stairs, over whose carved baluster the housemaid was already unrolling a yellowish strip of muslin.

"This performance is over," thought Betty, "and I must find a new part in a new play—Good-by, William" (this aloud to the footman who stood waiting, with the appearance of being able to wait forever if need be, to open the door for her). "You have always been very nice to me, I—hope you have a good place."

"Thank you, miss. Very well suited, miss. Going to Newport. Thank you, miss," for Betty had slipped an ill-to-be-spared ball into his hand. "I'm sure I wish you well." And he watched her slim little figure, as she threaded her way across the street, with quite an air of solicitude.

Very ill did Betty sleep in her new quarters. All night long she heard the roar and clang of the cars as they passed and repassed in the avenue at the end of the street, and the ticking of the "One Day Princess" on the mantelpiece seemed by and by to be taking place in her own head. No wonder that it ached violently in the morning, and that her eyes smarted and burned from staring through the darkness into the future. Still more would they have smarted if she could have seen day after day of weary seeking, and night after night of unsuccess.

Some people did not want their children taught at all during the summer. Some wanted them taught more things than Betty had ever imagined there were to teach. Some objected to her youth, some appeared to think curly hair and a brown and pink skin decidedly disadvantageous to a "young person" desiring the situation of governess.

Old ladies in need of a companion proved few and far between, and when found were even more difficult to suit than the mothers whom Betty had interviewed in vain. One objected to her voice as being altogether too childish for her years, and refused even to give her reading powers a trial, after hearing her repeat such selections of the poets as her startled memory could supply at a moment's notice. Another appeared to think a "companion" synonymous with a "maid-of-all-work," and though poor Betty was so depressed by this time that she felt her attainments hardly warranted a more exalted station, the fact that this lady considered sojourn in her house a sufficient compensation for any service rendered caused the negotiation to be abruptly broken off.

The month was drawing to an end, and so were Betty's resources. Twice during that time she had been obliged to part with small sums for some pressing necessity at home, and though she ate as little as need be, and walked as much as possible, to save car-fare, she knew she could not afford to prolong her stay in town a day beyond the time she had set. Her room was paid for in advance and she had put aside enough money to buy her ticket in case she had to go home, but for the rest—her purse was getting exceedingly light. And beyond the misery of loneliness and failure was the aching sense of disappointment that never once for an instant in all the hours of all these days had she set eyes upon Jack Hamilton.

She could not bear to write to him (what could she say that would not seem to invite pity?), but she wanted desperately to see him just once before she went away, if go she must.

With the thought of Dr. Jack came another. The hospital! Might she not be a trained nurse?—he had commended her care of the children. She remembered having heard him speak of a particular hospital where he visited daily, and though the skies were falling in long, sullen showers of rain, out to that hospital Betty fared under her umbrella, with wet little feet and violet-shadowed eyes bright with hope.

Alas! Those curious regulators of white-capped woman-

service demanded that one must be of a certain age. Betty had never dreamed that her youth would work against her in that savage way. Crestfallen and shivering, now the excitement was over, she came stumbling down the steps almost into the arms of a great, broad-shouldered, red-haired young man who was bounding up them.

"Miss Martin! You here! Hope you're not looking for a nurse? I'm so glad to see you. Where have you been hiding yourself? You've never let me know your whereabouts and you promised you would."

"I—I've been so busy," faltered Betty, the color flaming into her cheeks.

"Well, I'm coming to see you to-morrow wherever you are, if I may. I can't stop now, for I'm late as it is. May I come? Where are you?"

In a dream she gave him the address and saw him write it down.

"You—you'll be sure to come, won't you?" she said. "I shall be so disappointed if you don't. I've been wanting to see you every day, only I didn't like to write."

She hardly knew how she got back to her lodging, but if she walked she must have had wings on her heels, for she had never felt less tired, and all the afternoon and evening she spent in moving the poor little contents of her room hither and thither lest peradventure the table might look better in this corner or the biggest chair in that. She did not want him to be disgusted with her surroundings.

The next morning she borrowed a dust-pan and broom from her landlady, and, tying her curls up in a faded pink silk handkerchief, proceeded to do a great deal of extraordinary and unnecessary housework, smiling a little to herself as she thought of the old lady whose domestic service she had declined. But not all her dusting and sweeping and moving of furniture could make the room look pretty, and she did so want it to look bright and pretty for him! A little tiny fire in the little ugly black grate—that would be an improvement! The spring was late and the weather unsettled—it would not be too warm for a small fire. And then tea—afternoon tea; that, somehow, made one feel more sociable, and inclined to sit longer and talk. She would go out and buy some tea, and a blue and white teapot, and two cups, and a kettle. Oh! and some bread and butter, and *strawberry jam*! Hadn't he once said, in fun, that he liked it? It would not be a great extravagance, for she should not need any other supper that night, nor any more breakfast the next morning, with such a wealth of provisions in the house.

"Not that I *like* strawberry jam for breakfast," she said to herself, laughing, as she put on her hat, "nor indeed at any time, but these big men are often the greatest babies about sweets."

Her purse had even less money in it than she supposed, and she stood a minute mentally calculating what her intended purchases would cost her. Then she deliberately drew out of the sachet where she had hidden it the crisp green bill which she had reserved for her railway fare.

"I don't care," she said, looking defiantly at herself in the glass; "I may have to hire myself out by the day to sew for Mrs. Hemingway before I can earn enough to take me home, but this one afternoon things *shall* be right, and as I like them! My room shall be nice and I will be pretty to please him, and he will stay a long time talking kindly and cheerfully to me as he used to, and then no matter what happens I shall have this to look back to."

In pursuance of which reckless policy Betty bought things to eat, china to eat from, a little round table to set the feast upon, flowers for her mantelpiece and two dull green Japanese jars to put them in, ribbons to tie back her curtains, and fuel for her fire. Also a frilled lace fichu with long ends, with which to turn her one evening dress into something resembling the tea gowns she had seen Mrs. Haughton wear.

He had not said at what hour he was coming, but by three o'clock her preparations were completed—the fire laid, the tea-table drawn up on one side of the mantelpiece, as she had seen Mrs. Haughton's, a new cover over the divan (which, much to the disgust of her clean country soul, she was obliged to make up as her bed at night), the curtains tied back with blue ribbons, flowers on the dressing-table, to hide that it was



"My room shall be nice and I will be pretty"



"Oh, he might have come . . . he said he would!"



a dressing-table, and the two jars on the mantelpiece, with the gayly jeweled clock between them.

"That's what I am to-day," said Betty, brimming over with happy laughter as she looked at it. "A One Day Princess, and I'm going to make the most of it."

She tied the ribbon round her neck a little tighter, pulled her curls up as high on the top of her head as she could to make herself look tall, and walked up and down the room several times to observe the set of her train.

At four o'clock she threw down the book she had been pretending to read, and lighted the fire, which smoked less than might have been expected.

At five, she stopped just long enough in her uneasy walk between the door and the window to put the kettle on. She had looked out so often that she began to feel cold in her thin dress and to think that a cup of tea might do her good.

At six she pulled down the blinds, although it was yet day in the street, and lighted the little glass lamp in the centre of the table. If he came now it was as well that he should see she thought it late. If he came—

At seven she pitched herself, fancies and all, face downward on the divan. "He doesn't care," she said, beginning to cry in the sobbing, broken-hearted way of a hurt child. "I knew that—but oh! he might have come when he said he would! He might have come! He might have come! He's so big, and strong, and confident, and I am so little, and tired, and lonely, and I wanted to see him again. I wanted it, I wanted it!"

A very weary, forlorn little lady opened her eyes in a disordered room late the next morning. She had forgotten to shut her shutters the night before and the dull light of the foggy day streamed in through the yellow blinds. The flowers were drooping, the lamp had smoked one side of its chimney with a broad sooty smudge, an eddy of wind had strewed the ashes of Betty's fire about her cold hearthstone. Over a chair hung the gown in which she had meant to make holiday. It was neatly disposed, and her little high-heeled slippers were set primly beneath, but the long ends of her lace fichu dangled dismally on each side like the arms of a fainting person. The kettle stood smugly on the floor beside the tea-table, where the jar of sweetmeats and the loaf of bread mocked Betty's sickly appetite.

Her eyes ached, her throat was dry, she was coughing and shivering and burning when Mrs. Hemingway's crumpled old charwoman put her head in the door to ask what had happened to her that she lay so late in bed. "I'm afraid I've caught cold, Molly," she said. "Don't mind me. I'll get up and make myself some tea presently, and then I'll put the room in order and take my bath and dress. You needn't bring your poor feet all the way upstairs again."

But when it came to clothes she found she couldn't manage it. She tied her curls up on top of her head with a ribbon, put on a little flowered dressing-sacque which Mrs. Haughton had given her, smoothed her pillows and slipped shivering into bed again. The tea had tasted bitter, the bread like sawdust. She couldn't eat, she only wanted to lie still with her eyes shut and think how miserable she was in body and soul and heart.

She must have slept at last, for it seemed to be afternoon when she was roused by a knock on the door and a voice saying, "May I come in? The old woman told me to go right up, for she knew you were here."

He was in the room before Betty could do more than gasp. "Oh, Dr. Jack!" and sink back in a paroxysm of coughing.

He drew a chair beside her and took her wrist in his hand quite as a matter of course, talking all the time.

"I was so sorry I couldn't get here yesterday," he said; "I was suddenly called out of town. You got my despatch? No? I'll wring that boy's neck. Now, what have you been doing to get such a cold?"

"Hanging out of the window looking for you," was the first reply that suggested itself to Betty, but she murmured guardedly that she "didn't quite know."

"Well, the first thing to do is to get you over it, isn't it? I'll give you something. And what do you say to a bit of a fire? It's damp in this room."

"I don't think there's any more wood," said Betty hoarsely. "I'm afraid I used it all yesterday."

"That's easily remedied," he remarked, striding to the door, and she presently heard

him shouting: "Mrs. Hemingway! Oh, Mrs. Hemingway! Would you let some one bring me a stick or two of wood? Miss Martin's fire's gone out."

"How do you know my landlady?" she inquired, curiously, as he returned.

"Old patient of mine. I've had her in the hospital two or three times, poor woman," he returned. "She'd give me the best furniture to break up if I wanted it. All right, old lady, don't come up. I'll come down and get it. That aged female looks as if she'd crumble away if she took another step. Here we are!"—depositing a load of sticks on the hearth. "Wait till you see what a good housemaid I am."

Dazed and bewildered, Betty lay still and placidly looked at him.

"How like a woman!" he observed presently, sitting back on his heels to watch the fire—an attitude which brought his eyes on a level with the tea-table. "I suppose you have been living on this sort of stuff"—and he waved his hand toward the teapot and sweetmeats jar—"for days."

Betty laughed a little. "Oh, no," she said. "I only got them yesterday."

"And what have you had to-day? But never mind, I know. Mrs. Hemingway shall make you some soup. She ought to know how."

"Anything but milk toast," remarked his patient mischievously.

"Milk toast, too, if I say so," returned Dr. Jack firmly, getting up as he spoke. "Your flowers are all withered," he added irrelevantly, as he faced the mantelpiece.

"They were fresh yesterday," she answered. "They haven't lasted long."

"And, bless me! here's the 'One Day Princess'—stopped!"

"She was going yesterday," said Betty, almost in a whisper.

Jack stood still for a minute thinking, then he came over and sat down beside her, looking at her very kindly with his greenish-gray eyes.

"Yesterday was a spoiled day for both of us, wasn't it?" he said. "We must have another, when you are better, to make up for it."

Betty turned her head away that he might not see the tears in her eyes. "I'm afraid I must go home as soon as I can," she gasped.

Silence followed for what seemed an age to her. "I couldn't find another place—situation, you see," she went on, her voice steadier now, "and I've spent all my money, and I must go back to my people for a time. I shall hope for better luck next winter."

"Better luck next winter," echoed Jack. "There's a place waiting for you now, Betty, if you'll take it. A very large hand that wants your little one."

He held it out, and Betty put her soft face down and kissed the middle of it.

"Do you really want me?" she said. "It's all my dream come true."

"It's a thousand times better than any of mine, dear," he declared, drawing her to him. But the eyes that gazed at life above her curly head were full of the memories of other things.

#### THE END

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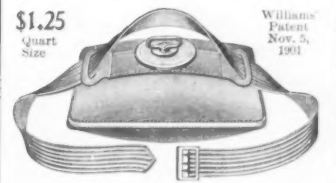
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# Playtime at Girls' Colleges

By MARTHA COMAN



The Mandolin Club gives an—

WITH THE first twitter of the birds and the first faint tinge of purple as the morn'g pushes its head above the green, the college girl puts down her books, turns to contemplate the outdoor world, and then goes forth to greet the spring.

September has seen her, a bewildered freshman laden with suit-case, bag and umbrella, timidly arriving at an unfamiliar station; and June, some four years hence, brings the memorable day on which she stands—calm and dignified, the flaky folds of her graduation gown hidden beneath the somber shadow of the college gown—at the parting of the ways.

It is a mistake to imagine that the social side of life at girls' colleges—the "playtime" as it is called—is of small moment. Compared with the hours spent poring over ponderous tomes in the graceful silence of the library, in cranning one's head with history or with dismaying mathematical problems, in laboring over some special thesis, all these diligent hours given to the pursuit of knowledge make the actual playtime seem relatively short indeed.

The first warm day and balmy breeze of spring are too tempting a combination to be resisted by any healthy, wholesome college girl. Books are tossed aside and out comes the golf bag or the tennis racket, and the sharp crack and whirr of a good drive mingled with the thump of serve and volley.

In after years the incidents which red-letter the college



"Taming of the Shrew"

Lohengrin swan or an imposing suit of armor from the materials supplied by a chafing dish, a portable bath-tub and some Navajo blankets donated by a member of the family travelling through the West. The immense amount of work involved in getting up college plays would doubt an ordinary mortal, but the college girl meets and overcomes all difficulties and goes on her way rejoicing. Her resources are wonderful and her ingenuity nothing short of marvellous. She constructs elaborate court costumes from the wardrobes of her long-suffering friends, and a Juliet's balcony or the Forest of Arden, under her hands, will spring like magic from prosaic builders' paper or from a combination of chairs and boxes deftly draped and disguised.

At Bryn Mawr, for instance, the first of a series of college plays is given by the sophomores to the freshman class; serious plays are usually chosen—nothing ordinary will satisfy these ambitious young persons. Then, a few weeks later, the freshmen return the compliment by giving a play which must be a masterpiece. For is it not written by one of the class members?

Out-of-door plays have long been popular, especially at Wellesley, and many a freshman on entering that college has had secret hopes of seeing herself in the part of merry Rosalind or beautiful Bianca. Comic operas are frequently given, and of late burlesques have grown rapidly in favor with college girls and college audiences. Wellesley and Smith girls are rather fond of appearing in the Shakespearean repertory, and some of the girls have acquitted themselves so creditably that not only was there tumultuous applause from the spectators and flattering praise from all, but there have been astute New York managers who held out tempting offers to the untalented starlings. This latter occurrence is not so frequent, however, that cautious mothers need fear it when planning which Alma Mater is to be honored by their daughters' attendance.

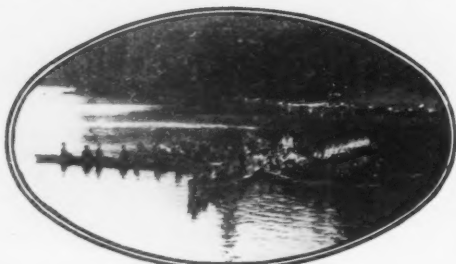
Vassar distinguished herself not so very long ago by getting up an extremely good Wild West Show, and though Buffalo Bill, the world-renowned, need not fear any immediate seizure of his own hard-won laurels, the show was pronounced a most emphatic success by all beholders; while the participants breathlessly acknowledged that they had never had such a good time in all their lives.

For the equally merry festivals which call for less strenuous preparation than the theatricals and shows given at the various seats of learning there are "Tree Day" and "Float Day" at Wellesley; Smith begins activities with her "Frolic," and enjoys herself out of doors on "Mountain Day." The "Lantern Ceremony" at Bryn Mawr is one of that college's

most significant affairs, while Vassar keeps to the good old traditions with her yearly excursion to a nearby lake, and conforms to new rules and regulations by carrying on openly the celebration of her great Tree Day. There are, of course, many other pastimes and frolics at the colleges, many less pretentious, but all with that fascinating blend of the solemnity of tradition and the spice of novelty which make a college ceremonial at once the most important and enjoyable event of a young woman's college existence.

Tree Day and Float Day at Wellesley mark two of her most delightful out-of-door fêtes. Gowned in picturesque costumes, the entire college, numbering several hundred girls, marches over the greensward, winding in and out among the historic old trees, dipping down into the miniature valleys and rising to the slight eminences called hills.

The effect is very beautiful, and full of significance, for though all classes are participants, the event is one of the very last public appearances of the senior class, and as such it is an impressive occasion. One of the proudest moments at Wellesley, so far as playtime is concerned, occurs on Float Day. For after the selected crews have practiced diligently all through the long winter, in machines rigged up in the gymnasium, and later in the spring have continued their labor in practice shells on the lakes, they feel that at last they are ready for the crowning event.



The Wellesley Crews on Float Day

girl's mind are not so much the long hours spent in studious research as the merry revels of "Tree" or "Frolic" day, tournaments or theatricals.

No debater's ball, however auspicious, is half so thrilling as the first formal college affair. To this the eager freshman is solemnly invited by an upper class girl who sends her lovely flowers, sees that her dance card enrolls a representative selection of names, and who escorts her ceremoniously in and from the function.

Social clubs and societies are a conspicuous feature of the life of the college woman, for many of the gaieties of the year have their rise in the customs and observances of these various organizations.

The clubs given over to the production of plays and to such dramatic efforts as lie within the scope of the members are not alone numerous but exceedingly popular. The constituents are valiantly unafraid of tackling any problem in stage-setting and show no symptoms of discouragement when asked to evolve a



Hoop Game at Wellesley—Tree Day

Float Day occurs in June, and no lovelier time of the year could be chosen. The sight of the trim figures bending rhythmically as the long slender blades cut the water and drip with sparkling showers is one of the prettiest views at any college. The rowers keep time to curious old melodies sung with naked intonations, and the oars cut the water in splendid time to the songs, as the boats glide this way and that in the endeavor of the rowers to form the Wellesley star.

The Frolic at Smith is about the first of the affairs to which the untalented newcomer finds herself bidden. It is not one of the specially formal functions—in fact it is merely a merry round of introductions, and the singing of the time-honored college songs. These the freshman hears for perhaps the first time, and she will never hear them again without that stirring of loyalty at her heart which is a distinctive feature of college life, and which binds together so firmly the girls when they meet again out in the big arena of the world.

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stout boots, and the making ready for the long brisk tramp over the blue hills. It is a veritable pilgrimage from the college to the many quaint little spots within a radius of half a dozen miles, and many a friendship of after years owes its foundation to the comradeship of that day spent in the hills. Bryn Mawr ceremony, yelet Lantern Day, is something of a misnomer, for the affair really takes place when twilight has draped her mantle about the stately and picturesque domain. The sophomores present lighted lanterns to the incoming class, as a significant hint to them, and the ceremony breaks up with class songs, hearty cheers and much good fellowship. Vassar contents herself now, necessarily, since her ceremonies have had some restrictions placed upon them, with openly choosing her tree on Tree Day and with her annual excursion.

That all tastes may be gratified, a variety of playtimes in the way of clubs is offered the college girl, and, more than this, there are innumerable informal and unexpected celebrations which are all the merrier for not having been planned beforehand. The music-loving girl brings forth her mandolin or guitar and tunes up with the glee and musical clubs. The girl possessing histrionic aspirations seeks out the Barn Swallows, while the girl who handles a racquet, swings a golf club or tosses a ball with more than ordinary skill is ready to join some one of the athletic clubs and has visions of winning a cup for the honor of her class. The stalwart brother at old Eli or at Harvard cherishes no more ardent ambition to "make the varsity" or to pull an oar with the crew than does the athletic miss at her college sports.

The basket-ball season is one of the first to announce its opening, and the old members don their "gym" suits and come out for practice while the newcomers are invited to join forces for the maintaining of the glory of their Alma Mater. The game of basket-ball is a pretty one to watch, and interesting as well, even to the onlooker who is not initiated into the mysteries of making a "basket" and who doubtless wonders why the well-built young women are rushing so madly about.

At many of the colleges basket ball is played out of doors—a circumstance which adds considerably to the enjoyment of the game, for the spectators as well as for the participants. This is, of course, only possible where the climate is generally mild; when inclement weather makes its unwelcome appearance the players are forced to abandon their pretty field and take refuge in the friendly shelter of the "gym." The event of a match game at basket-ball between two rival teams is well worth attending. Then it is that the outsider—if indeed outsiders are so fortunate as to get in—is made aware of what college spirit and class rivalry mean. The interest and excitement rise to the highest pitch, and when the dark-bloused and bloomed figures of the team, with their class colors showing at belt or collar, come out and take their places, the cheers given them by classmates, friends and relatives just shake the rafters of the sturdy gymnasium. Galleries are filled to overflowing, and the effect of these enthusiastic spectators ranged solidly against the flag-draped walls is surely inspiring enough to make every player grit her teeth and vow to do her utmost for the honor of her class.

Golf, too, comes in for its share of enthusiastic devotees, and these form the component parts of the match games of twosomes and foursomes. The links at most of the girls' colleges are, perhaps, not all that could be desired, but they are, nevertheless, constantly dotted with trimly clad figures and lithe-limbed players. Not the least part of the pleasure derived from golfing is the social gathering at the club-house, which is often only some quaint little farmhouse, but which serves the purpose equally as well as a more imposing structure. Here the members rendezvous after a round over the course, and over their cups of fragrant tea they chat in their friendly fashion of everything from creaks to politics.

Popular as golf is at the different colleges it cannot be truthfully said that the caddy-bag has supplanted the tennis racquet. The tournaments given in the spring and autumn on the beautifully kept courts draw quite as large a crowd of spectators as go to see any other event of athletic prowess. Certainly there is no prettier sight on any field than that of the young women clad in immaculate white, serving, volleying and pounding the small white ball as it flies back and forth over the net. Tennis not only is a pretty and interesting game, but it is wonderfully effective in producing grace and beauty of line. Perhaps it is not the equal, in this respect, of fencing, but while the latter is very popular—especially at Vassar—tennis is without doubt the universally popular game.

Through all the thoughts of the final examinations, of weighty questions to do with her class paper and a thousand other cares, there is a refrain of sadness in the mind of the senior. For the happy days are ending, the ties formed and welded by four years' close comradeship are soon to be severed, and outside the walls of the college a new world awaits the graduate—perhaps a world with no playtime.



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## How Prince Henry Was Guarded

THE PROTECTION of Prince Henry against annoyance and harm during his whirlwind journey through the United States constituted what in the opinion of the United States Secret Service men who accompanied him was the most arduous task which that interesting and mysterious branch of the government has ever been called upon to perform.

To this many things contributed, but the chief factors in imposing responsibility were found in the great distance covered—approximately forty-five hundred miles—and the continual succession of immense crowds encountered.

The first work for Uncle Sam's sleuths came in the investigation of the hundreds of threatening letters which began to pour in from the date of the first announcement of the forthcoming visit. Large numbers of these letters were turned over to the Secret Service officials from the White House, some of the missives having been addressed to Miss Alice Roosevelt; an even greater number came from the German Embassy at Washington, and others were secured from the Post-Office Department or through regular police channels.

It is no exaggeration to say that there was an almost unprecedented number of these "crank" letters, and that the investigations were particularly unproductive of anything seriously menacing. Many of the epistles were found to have emanated from persons more or less demented, while a considerable number were despatched by jokers, notoriety-seekers, and others to whom the prospect of a royal visit appeared to appeal with especial force.

As the time for the arrival of the Prince drew near the Secret Service sought the active co-operation of the police authorities in every city through which the special train bearing the visitors was to pass. To the chief of police of each city was sent a detailed confidential communication apprising him of the exact hour appointed for the arrival of the special train, the programme to be followed during the presence of the party in the territory over which he had jurisdiction and the scheduled hour of departure. In all cases general and in some instances specific instructions were given as to the protection deemed advisable and the best mode of co-operation with the Secret Service men.

From the time the Prince arrived in the harbor of New York until the vessel bearing him homeward had slipped away from her pier he was constantly "under the eye" of one or more of the shrewdest and most experienced men in the Secret Service. In cities such as Washington, where it was possible to keep the crowds at a fair distance and where a close police guard was reinforced by a detachment of United States Regulars, the safeguarding by the Secret Service officials was not so omnipotent; nevertheless, vigilance was never relaxed.

Feeling that the reputation of the Secret Service was at stake, Chief John E. Wilkie directed the operations of his men in person, and in the case of the men on duty on the special train the amount of sleep obtained each twenty-four hours was, as a rule, far below that prescribed by nature. In speaking of the work performed Chief Wilkie said:

"I would find it difficult to select any one portion of the journey as the most exacting in the degree of vigilance required. The responsibility appeared to be at the maximum almost all the time. Nor can I say that the Prince's various democratic demonstrations, such as riding in the cab of the locomotive during the trip over the mountains, materially added to our work. We made it a point to be at his side wherever he was, and I think that the Prince realized, as we did, that if a person of ordinary intelligence is absolutely determined to get at a prominent man during his participation in public functions it is difficult to prevent him. This has been proven both in this country and in Europe."

Mr. Wilkie's remarks in a manner disclose the sphere in which the Secret Service performed for the royal visitor the really most valuable and beneficial service, namely, the barrier which it afforded against petty annoyances of all kinds. The magnitude of this task is literally beyond conception. Curious people employed every imaginable expedient to be permitted to speak to the Prince, or even to touch his coat. At the Capitol at Washington a woman who wished to show the Prince a huge picture and read to him selections from her poems, which latter she said would not require more than two hours, became so violent that she was borne away shrieking just as the Prince approached. One of the most amusing incidents of the trip was afforded by the importunities of a man who was determined to make personal application to the Prince for permission to act as a mascot on the Emperor's new yacht *Meteor*.

The collection of trophies which fell into the hands of the Secret Service men owing to attempts made to present them in person to the Prince rivaled the accumulations of the Dead Letter Office. There were appeals for money for every imaginable purpose, letters of advice on different topics, bouquets of

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flowers, small American flags, and quite a number of addresses of welcome in one form or another.

The Secret Service men, in the exercise of their discretionary powers when guarding the Prince's private car, had trouble with a number of persons whom the royal visitor was really glad to meet. For instance, at Cleveland they forgathered with a German who had once served the Prince as valet, and with whom, when finally past the dead line, the royal visitor chatted for about ten minutes.

One of the thorny tasks which fell to the lot of a Secret Service man was that of following President Roosevelt and his royal guest on a long cross-country horseback ride during a pouring rain. The Prince generally, however, proved an admirable "subject" in that he never ventured out unexpectedly, as is President Roosevelt's wont. Even the social invitations to be accepted had been determined in advance, so that in this respect the work of the uniformed guards was simplified, and the "eyes that never sleep" had some stated periods of rest.

### Woman's Way

IT HAS BEEN asked why women and a few others insist upon getting off a car backward. The spectator is frequently impelled to wish that the proper punishment would follow such stupidity. But, instead of the complacent person who ignores the laws of motion having but herself to blame if she is thrown down hard upon the cobblestones, public opinion punishes the poor conductor.

In turn, this individual revenges himself upon the right-minded woman by treating her with great familiarity, even, if need be, embracing her at the inconvenient moment of descent, if she attempts to utilize her active skill and save time by alighting from the car at the crossing where she wishes to stop.

In Germany and other foreign countries the horse-cars have only certain stations, four or five blocks apart, where they come to a standstill, and women, even the phlegmatic matrons, frequently learn to board a car in motion and to alight from it. It is a very easy thing to learn and to do on the proper occasion. In the day of short skirts and athletics, there is no reason why women should not be taught and trained by their male relatives if they cannot reason out the method for themselves. All little girls should be taught this, also.

Of course, the obvious manner of alighting from a conveyance is to step straight ahead in the direction in which it is moving; and, as most public vehicles move on a little beyond the crossing before they stop, the impulse of the person is to turn back in the direction of the cross street. This is chiefly why persons who do not reflect behave with disregard to danger.

Such incidents show the lack of adaptability, of resource. Most persons are trained too much in a few practical things and not at all in others. In every public conveyance full directions should be posted in large type for the benefit of the ignorant.

A little agitation, too, would save many bruises to passengers and many dollars to car companies.

### FOOD

#### FOOD DOES IT

Restores Health More Surely Than Any Medicine.

It is a short road to trouble when the food does not supply the right material to rebuild the brain. You cannot use the brain without breaking down small particles every day, and you cannot rebuild unless the food furnishes the right kind of building material, and that is albumen and phosphate of potash. Not such as you get from the druggist but such as Nature stores in certain kinds of food.

Grape-Nuts contains these particles and well defined results can be obtained from using the toothsome, delicious food.

A brain worker whose name can be given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "Last Fall I got in a desperate condition through excessive mental work and lack of proper food. I was finally compelled to abandon all business and seek absolute quiet and rest in the country."

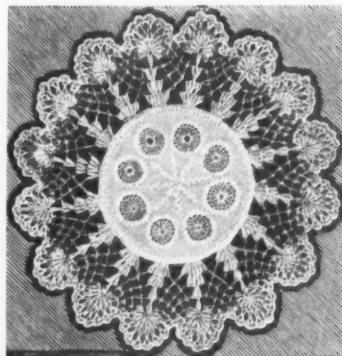
I had been under the care of a good physician for several months, but it seemed my food did not rebuild the brain tissue properly. I was on the verge of despair when I left for the country.

Down at the ferry I purchased an evening Journal and my attention was attracted to the headlines of a Grape-Nuts advertisement which read, "Food Cure Nature's Way." I read it carefully and decided to give Grape-Nuts a trial, so next morning I went in on the new food and in two weeks' time gained 10 pounds and felt like a new man all over.

I candidly believe if I had known the remarkable sustaining power of the food prior to my illness I would not have needed a physician nor would I have been sick at all."

#### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.—Adv.



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**FREE THIS DOILY**  
AND LESSON BY PROFESSOR TAKAHASHI TO ANY LADY SENDING HER NAME AND ADDRESS  
Richardson New Design for 1902



No. 255, Wild Rose Design, with FRENCH KNOT  
Drawn Work, Tray and Splasher, etc., sent free. Attached to above most unusual offer (all being free) we make but one fair condition, viz.—that you promise to ask for and accept from your dealer only Richardson's Silks when you work out the designs, or if you are unable to find our silks, write us. Address, enclosing to cents to cover registration and postage. Order design by number.

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I have given your washer a fair trial. It is one of the best washers I ever saw. It washed three pairs of my dirty and greasy overalls and shirts in 10 minutes, and washed them clean. My housekeeper says it would have taken her two hours to have washed them the old way. It will wash ten shirts, with collars and cuffs, in seven minutes. It will wash three washes without changing the water, only adding soap suds and about two quarts of hot water after the first wash.

I have been a delegate and attended twenty-six conventions held in different parts of the country, and my name is known on nearly every railroad in the United States and Canada. I am an engineer of the New York Division of the Erie road, and have run an engine for forty years.

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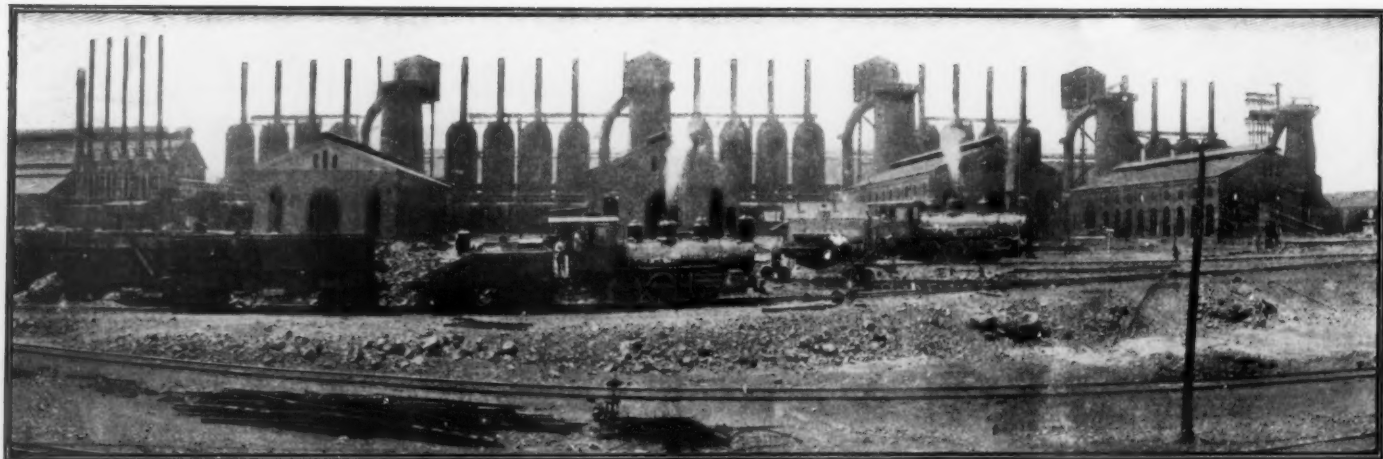
Some of these designs of ours on this linen are alone sold in stores for as high as \$2.50 each. Catalogue of 44 New Designs in Sofa Pillows, Doilies, Damask Scarfs, Hemstitched Drawn Work, Tray and Splasher, etc., sent free. Attached to above most unusual offer (all being free) we make but one fair condition, viz.—that you promise to ask for and accept from your dealer only Richardson's Silks when you work out the designs, or if you are unable to find our silks, write us. Address, enclosing to cents to cover registration and postage. Order design by number.

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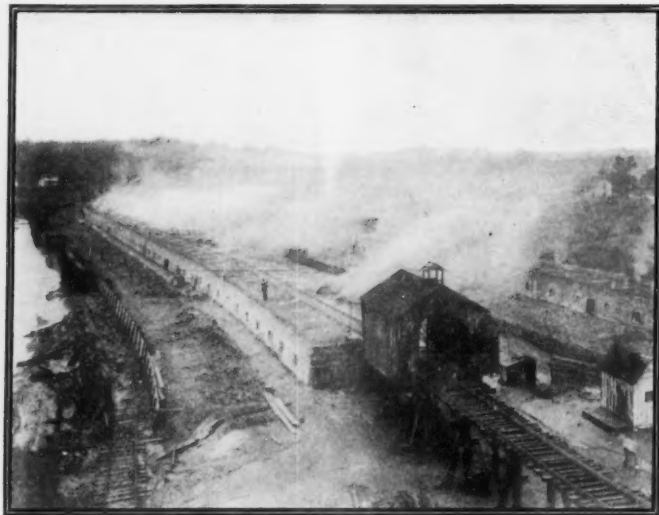
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One of the Jasper, Alabama, Coke Ovens

## The Joyous South of To-day—II

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF FOUR ARTICLES, TO APPEAR IN CONSECUTIVE ISSUES, BY MR. PALMER, DESCRIBING FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION AS OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT THE GREAT "BOOM" IN THE SOUTH. THE FIRST ARTICLE APPEARED LAST WEEK IN THE "SOUTHERN NUMBER"

ALABAMA is a State of contrasts. On its great cotton levels it is a natural sister to Mississippi; in its coal and iron districts the line which separates it from Tennessee is purely imaginary. From northern to southern border it presents a variety of products ranging from coal to oysters and from cotton to phosphates. Isolate it, and it could compete with Texas and California as a self-contained State producing everything that a civilized population needs. Near Birmingham you may stand on a mountain which has orchards on its slopes, with an iron mine on one side, a coal mine on the other, and cotton and corn on the plain. The Black Belt throws its shadow reaching to Louisiana across the middle of the State. To the south of this, near the sea, there are less negroes; to the north still less. One county, Cullman, has no negroes at all; or, rather, had none until the State Legislature recently added a strip of Blount County to its territory. This hilly region offered no attraction to the great landowner with whom the glory of the old South is associated. It was settled by poor whites, who cultivated their individual holdings. Their descendants have followed their example by summarily turning back every black face that appeared on the county line, while the State winked at the unwritten law which had its origin in local traditions.

### THE "BLACK BELT"

What was the Black Belt in 1860 is the Black Belt to-day; and so it must remain, thanks to the climate and the soil. In other parts of the South the big plantations have given way to smaller ones. In Alabama and Mississippi, more especially in Mississippi, one man directs the tillage of a thousand or more acres from his white-pillared mansion. On the pike you pass him and his overseers on horseback, making their tours. In the winter he often goes abroad or to the cities, and very likely has a house in one of the quiet residential towns, such as Montgomery. Slavery has given place to tenantry; or to the same old life in quarters, with day's wages from the time that plowing begins until the last cotton boll is picked. Here the feudal attachment between the white man and the black man is strongest. The one accepts the other's superiority unquestioningly and the other entertains a feeling of noblesse oblige toward his inferior.

The planter knows the humors of his hands and he condones them with the good-will of an exacting taskmaster. He tells you that the negro is healthiest and happiest on the plantation. Statistics confirm his opinion. In the cities the colored death rate frequently reaches forty per cent, and is from one-third to one-half more than that of the white. And the planter is never more sincere than when he says that he "likes the negro" and "likes to have him around." Upon him more forcibly than on the residents of towns and cities is impressed the fact that the South needs the negro just as

much as she needs capital. The increase of the black population instead of terrifying him is welcome promise of addition to the number of his hands. You never hear from Southern employers any cry of regret over the negro's presence. They realize their dependence upon him for labor, because of his hereditary acclimatization. The planter prefers him to the Chinese or any heathen. If the South were to have a cotton crop of 13,000,000 bales this year, 1,000,000 would go unpicked. There is enough labor, if continuously applied, to pick it, but it is never continuously applied. Whether it is a good or bad a season, the field hand is bound to enjoy a week's wages before he earns another. Such is the present character of the race. When the yield is great, the planters have found that the only way to get their crops picked is to withhold temporarily the negro's pay, an obliquity which public opinion tacitly permits.

### A CURIOUS PHASE OF PROSPERITY

The high wages of stevedores on the Mississippi have made it only a little more profitable to run a steamer than to tie her up to the bank and hire a watchman to look after her until better times come. Frequently a steamer is delayed a day beyond her set time of departure from New Orleans because of lack of hands. It takes as high as five or six dollars a day to coax a roustabout from a seat in the shade on the levee. At such wages he need not work all the time. Italians have been tried in his place without satisfaction. He is the indispensable lord over all on both the right and the left bank of the Mississippi. On the sugar plantations, however, the Italian is better liked. His black predecessor is migrating in some cases to the cities and again to the cotton country. Sugar requires incessant and heavy labor. Cotton-picking is easier. It does not call for great effort, only supple movement of the hands. Moreover, an experienced field hand will tell you that Texas cotton is the easiest to pick. Hence, migration to Texas.

In the heart of the Black Belt at Tuskegee is the great school whose object is to teach the colored race how to work and save its wages. It is less than two hours' run from the charming old State capital of Montgomery, where a star on the flags of the steps of the old Capitol portico marks the spot where Jefferson Davis took the oath as President of the Confederate States. The day which I spent at Tuskegee left one most decided impression. If a student is not developed into a self-supporting man or woman, the fault lies largely with him and not with the institution. Abundant Northern philanthropy has provided means for any black boy from the gutters of the city or from the plantation cabin to become an artisan or an intelligent husbandman.

Tuskegee is really picking up the threads which were dropped with the abolition of slavery. Before the war the

plantation was a school for making good cooks, housekeepers, laundresses and mechanics. Freedom produced a hiatus in which the black race learned how to read and write, but the discipline which makes a good apprentice was largely lacking. Washington wants to make his race wage-earners in the handicrafts which they followed as bondmen.

### WHERE THE AFRICAN IS SUPREME

From the time that the visitor enters Tuskegee until he leaves he does not see a single face of a pure white, either among the corps of instructors or the thousand or more students. In almost all, however, there is a tinge of the Caucasian. The great mass of rural inhabitants, whose blood is more nearly pure African, furnish comparatively few of the applicants for admission, which far exceed the school's capacity. That is as it ought to be. The city black most needs Tuskegee, which removes him from surroundings which tend toward idleness and degeneracy. The lazy town negro has a little song which runs:

"What's de use 't' work so hard?  
Ise got a gal in de white folks' yard."

In other words, if he marries a servant she will bring home enough to eat and he has only to do a few odd jobs to meet the rent. Any institution which actually does turn a boy with such a career before him into a hard-working unit must meet with the approval of the South, which to-day honors work above all things.

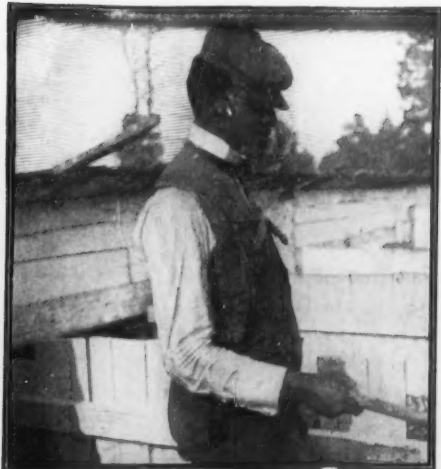
Tuskegee has its own farm; machine, carpenter, millinery and tailoring shops; brickyard, hospital, laundry, and saw-mill, supplying its needs by the actual training of pupils wherever it can. The pupils' food is plentiful, wholesome and well cooked. They must keep clean. Their rooms are inspected every day by the commander of the cadet corps. New arrivals among the boys are first installed not in the nice rooms of the dormitory, some of which are better than many white boys have in college, but in stuffy old log cabins. Upon how well they keep these depends their promotion to better quarters.

Tuskegee has two prejudices. The first is against preachers. Washington's view of the multitudinous colored exhorter he expressed by his favorite story of the old man in the cotton patch, who said, "Lawd, dis work am pow'ful hard; dis sun am pow'ful hot. Ise called to preach." The pupil at Tuskegee may study theology if he chooses; but he must at the same time milk cows, blacken his hands in the machine shop, or otherwise prepare himself to be a producer rather than an orator. I saw one most classical-looking theologian, who might have passed for a Moorish sheik, white-washing Tuskegee's orderly pigpen. Plainly he did not like the job.





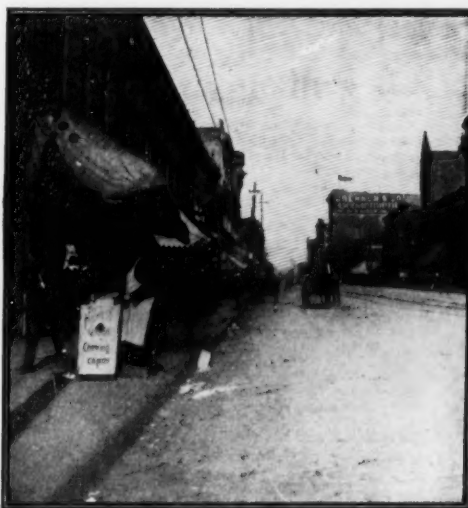
Street Scene in Chattanooga



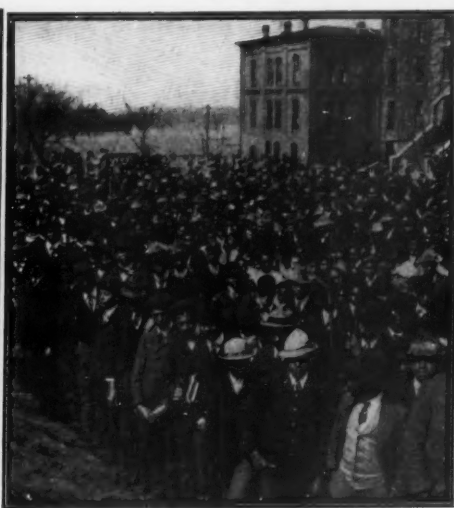
Now Whitewashing—Next Year a Preacher



In the City of Memphis



Main Street in Birmingham



The Students at Tuskegee School



A Residence Street in Atlanta, Georgia

#### ABOUT BOOKER WASHINGTON

The second prejudice is in favor of "Mister," which is applied to no black man in the South. In going and coming to and from the North, Washington keeps to the drawing-room of the sleeper. On the branch line that runs from Chehaw to Tuskegee he respects racial sentiment by riding in the colored section of the day coach. Once inside the grounds of the institute, everybody is "Mister" on all occasions. I inquired the reason for the feature which distinguishes it from white schools. "We think that it increases self-respect," was the reply.

The general opinion of Southerners about Tuskegee may be expressed in that of one, a man of high standing, who is as honorable in his business connections of to-day as he was once in war. "If the school can accomplish its purpose it will be a Godsend," he said. "We have never denied the right of the negro to own property or to earn an honest living in any calling, however expert. In the South you will find black carpenters and masons working side by side with white ones and drawing the same pay. That is a privilege which is denied the black man in many Northern communities. But the white man will not eat with the negro or drink with him. The only kind of negro education to which we object is the false education which makes him use his knowledge to abet idleness. The number of negro criminals compared with white is as three and four to one, and nearly all of them can read and write. Education must be accompanied by character and industry; otherwise, the blackest, most ignorant, most superstitious farmland who is honest and willing to work is the educated negro's better. The South needs all the well-trained artisans and farmers that Tuskegee can produce. We need manual training not only for the blacks but for the whites. We provide for one as well as for the other—though, of course, the white man pays the bulk of the taxes. But we cannot provide as much as we would like."

"The pity is that the school graduates so few, and so many students leave it when they have only a smattering instead of waiting until they are thoroughly masters of some one trade. The danger is that the North will spoil Washington and through him spoil the school."

To make him a machinist is as near as Tuskegee comes to preparing a student for a place in the steel mills of Birmingham; to teach her to darn socks as near as it comes to preparing a girl to take charge of a loom in a cotton mill. The institution recognizes the limitations of the race which called it into existence. In the cotton mill negroes are employed only in the picking room. If one appeared in any other department the hands would either quit work or put him out promptly. Most cotton operatives are Southerners born and bred.

#### SKILLED AND UNSKILLED LABOR

But in the steel mills absolutely the same rule of the employers' own making applies. Under lease from the State the convicts mine the coal in the Alabama mines. Negroes do the unskilled labor about the furnaces; but skilled labor is absolutely the white man's realm. A negro puddler would be boycotted. The skilled workers of Birmingham are, almost without exception, either emigrants from the North or from England and Wales, whence they have brought the skill to

fight the commercial battles of their adopted country against the mother country in the markets of the world. On the part of manufacturers we find objections to the negro that are not altogether sentimental. A few negroes there are, they say, who would make skillful operators; but it is not worth while, if they believed in such fellowship of the races, to create a disturbance by employing them. The vast majority will not work regularly. They will not turn up on Monday morning unless they feel like it. They do not see why eight o'clock is not as good as seven o'clock. The habit of procrastination and of "taking time" is a hereditary instinct of plantation life. Naturally they are not as skillful as the white man. They do not stand confinement, as the city death rates under the same sanitary conditions as the whites convincingly attest.

"The negro is a mule man, a farmer, a cotton picker," says the Southerner, "if you want the opinion of one who has spent his life among them."

Booker Washington has recognized this. He wants his race to stick to the soil. Above all, he wants them to become land-owners and to be their own masons and builders and mechanics. His ambition for the blacks of the Black Belt, if definitely stated, is to see the great plantations divided into small holdings, with the blacks no longer tenants but owners. The glorious prospect is that thousands upon thousands of acres of productive soil call for tillage and will yield abundantly for careful labor. The black race has a heritage in its Southern climate which will let it wait for nothing in return for application. Once almost entirely agricultural, the agricultural resources of the South to-day call for exploitation as much as her timber and her mines and her manufactures. No negro who will average half a day's faithful work the year around need ever go hungry. His best friends are the South and Southerners themselves.

The fact that experts in his new industries have been recruited from the North brings us back to the white man, whose needs, when he is poor and dwells in the highlands, are even more acute, especially in winter, than those of the negro who dwells in a region of plenty. It is upon the poor whites that the future of Southern industry largely depends. Capital and its little army of heads of departments cannot go far alone. Governor Jelks of Alabama put the foremost need of the South to-day in two words: "Trained fingers!"

#### TRAINED BRAINS AND FINGERS

Trained brains are already being supplied by the numerous technical schools. Your graduate from the State Agricultural College becomes an overseer on the plantation who increases its yield to an amount far more than his hire. The trained fingers come from apprenticeship and environment rather than from schools. You cannot gather a hundred people from the hills and instantly make expert operatives of them. If so, Massachusetts would not long maintain her supremacy in cotton manufactures or Pennsylvania retain her hold on the steel industry. If a German girl or an English girl could throw a bobbin as deftly as a French girl, France would not retain her monopoly in fine pattern silks or in many of the industries dependent upon deft operation. The question is not to find the capital for a new industry but the hands. This explains why so few fine cottons are as yet made in the South in comparison with the immense output of coarse cloths. If the factory population of New England were moved

South the mills would shortly follow. In a place like Fall River, cotton weaving is bred in the bone.

Of all the places in the South which owe much to the outlanders and to resources on the spot, Birmingham is the foremost. While the Tennessee farmers were emigrating to Texas, the Northern puddlers were emigrating to the iron regions of Tennessee and Alabama. The same cloud of smoke that rains prosperity on Pittsburgh hangs over Birmingham. It is a young Pittsburg, with a lusty confidence that one day its Ensley will outstrip Homestead. It has plenty of money and conveniences, washes its hands and face often, talks about world markets and landing steel products in England under old Birmingham's nose; all this where there was nothing in 1870 and only 2,000 people in 1880. To-day there are 87,000.

From the same region over which the Confederates fought with European-made rifles has since come the steel for a Russian battleship. Birmingham, once sending its pig-iron entirely to Pittsburg, now has a fine steel plant with a capacity of a thousand tons a day, and is on the edge of enough deposits of iron ore, as an orator put it, to armor-plate the whole American continent. Limestone, dolomite and coal in the same region make the working of the ore, thanks to the cost of raw products, cheaper than anywhere else in the world; and there you have the whole story of Birmingham's rise and the cause of its unbounded ambition. Alabama's three great coal fields are estimated to be capable of producing 10,000 tons a day for some 12,000 years; and over in Tennessee there is an annual product of mineral wealth of \$8,000,000 as against Alabama's \$13,000,000. West Virginia, once counted a Southern State, has \$47,000,000 compared to \$2,000,000 in 1882.

#### "AN EVERLASTING BOOM"

Birmingham was one of the acutest sufferers from the boom of the late 80's and early 90's, when Northern enterprise descended as into a gold-mining camp. To-day the actual capitalization of the iron and steel industries is no more than it was ten years ago, though the clearing house receipts and the bank deposits have doubled and the iron and steel product has increased forty per cent. The town is now on a solid business basis. Its boom days are over, unless its growth can be called an everlasting boom. Those Northerners who come for speculation rather than for development have folded their tents. Perhaps some of them are at Beaumont's oil fields. Northern capital and skill have done much in developing the South; yet they have done little beside what the South has done for herself. Capital has rapidly accrued from profits. The son of the brigadier and the planter has brought honorable dealing as well as energy to his calling. Nowhere is business integrity higher.

Half an hour out of Birmingham on the train and you are again in the South of past romance, which, however, is scarcely as wonderful as the present-day romance of a steel mill. It is hard to reconcile cotton-growing and steel-making. The two seem, in the eternal disposition of things, to belong to separate climates and separate States. It is equally hard to reconcile the immense energy of the hurrying people in the streets of Birmingham with the lounging figures at the country stations, needing to be rescued from their one-room cabins and from easy-going habits and trained to meet the crying demand of the South for "skilled fingers."



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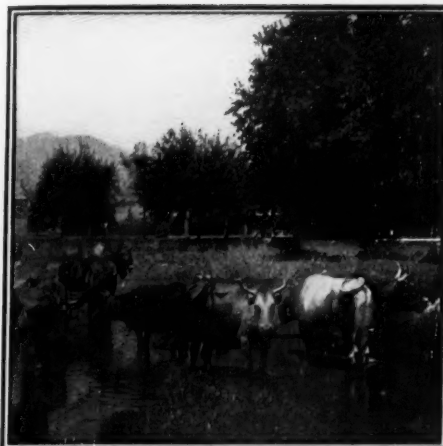
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On one of Rhodes's favorite Rhodesia Farms



Rhodes at the Signal Station, Kimberley



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## Cecil Rhodes—Late an Empire Maker

By ALLEN SANGREE, of Rhodesia

PART OF THE WORLD hated him; another part feared him; a few loved him. All stood in awe of him. Though an invalid, his personality was so overpowering that a king or an emperor, as well as the aborigine or pioneer, unconsciously bowed to his presence. The mentality was so colossal that it affected the silliest mortal, and no one thought of engaging its owner with such popular inquiries as "How are you?" "Looks like rain?" or "Do you think it will be a bad winter?"

In England many persons regarded Cecil Rhodes as a hero; in other countries he was sometimes eulogized but more often anathematized as the very apotheosis of villainy.

So unusual was Cecil Rhodes's conception of the duties of a rich man that an American multi-millionaire could scarcely understand it, and it would have been interesting to have heard Rhodes's comment on the recent lament of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who assured us that money is a bore and that he himself is in a nasty plight to sensibly dispose of his capital.

Cecil Rhodes, on the contrary, would gladly have accepted a million per day, but he would not have spent it on libraries. "Employ humanity," he argued, "and, at the same time, civilize. Build a railroad in South America or machine shops in China. There is an immense population, whole continents living in medieval or barbaric surroundings. Have at them! Make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant from Spitzbergen to Cape Horn and around the globe!"

He said he recognized the power of the press—which was undoubtedly true, as he had subsidized a prominent daily to boom Rhodesia—but made it a point not to affirm what he was going to do. He preferred to accomplish and then tell about it. He remarked to myself and a colleague that the Jameson Raid had set the English in Africa back twenty years "unless some important move was made." The import of this last did not suggest itself until some weeks afterward, when we called upon President Krüger and were held up on the threshold by his demand, "Are you from Rhodes?" The old burgher accepted our assurance to the contrary and then related, with something approaching venom, how Rhodes was at that very moment planning the destruction of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. He seemed to think his people had been misrepresented by "typical" photographs.

Though massive in bodily structure, Mr. Rhodes was never of rugged health, and his death was constantly being predicted. Throughout South Africa one heard on every side, "Rhodes is killing himself drinking champagne," and his enemies used that as a catchword to illustrate his infamy. On the other hand, I was told by a physician who knew and attended Mr. Rhodes for many years that champagne was the one thing that kept the Colossus alive.

Mr. Rhodes gave frequent expressions of a dislike for the gentler sex, one that came to my notice showing how deep was the feeling. It was on the occasion of the return from England of a young man who had been working for Mr. Rhodes at Bulawayo and who was looked upon as a favorite lieutenant. But this man forgot about his patron's peculiarity or else hoped for his forgiveness. At any rate, he brought back with him a charming young bride, whom he had met while on a three months' holiday, and the two were

about to start north from Cape Town for Bulawayo, escorted to the station by a deputation of friends. At that moment a telegram arrived from Rhodes saying that the climate of Rhodesia was ruinous to a woman's complexion—and every one understood.

Cecil Rhodes exercised little personal magnetism, excepting for a few intimate friends. But his powerful will and the fact that he usually accomplished whatever he undertook conspired to furnish him funds for vast operations. He was a gigantic promoter.

Rhodes's method was to send out circulars to the stockhold-

a panic, for with Rhodes out Chartered soon dropped to zero and the loan was quickly negotiated.

It was through this war, in which the blacks were mowed down with Maxims and Martini-Henrys, that Rhodes secured for the British crown a territory greater than the combined area of France and Germany—an achievement that will make his name famous in English history.

Having once acquired these 140,000 square miles, Rhodes set about to develop them, surmounting, as usual, every difficulty. When the people of Umtali complained because the railroad connecting Rhodesia with the Indian Ocean did not pass through their town, as Rhodes had promised it would, the giant promoter moved the whole town nine miles, giving it a better location than before. He spent his own money like water, irrigating, experimenting with fruit trees and making roads. He opened up nine farms near the Matoppo Hills, a place fabled as the scene of King Solomon's mines, and employed instructors to teach the natives farming and ranching. It was on the giant Matoppo boulders that Rhodes was accustomed to sit and dream of one empire stretching from "Lion's Head to Line." It is in their fastness that his body will be finally buried and a monument erected.

Though Rhodes died with a fortune, he was in no sense a miser. Indeed, he had a poet's contempt for money, whether in millions or mills. He used it simply as a means to an end in the way that Napoleon used soldiers.

The last days of Cecil Rhodes were embittered by the greatest disappointment of his life. If the judgment of President Krüger is correct, Mr. Rhodes was primarily responsible for the Boer war, his object being to get money from the Transvaal mines for the development of Rhodesia. In addition to that Rhodes, as he himself announced several years ago, was intent upon painting red the map of South Africa. He neglected to say whether with ink or blood.

Mr. Rhodes became disgusted with the conduct of the war while imprisoned at Kimberley, where he made so much trouble for the English officers that Kitchener heliographed to Colonel Kekewich, "Put Cecil Rhodes in irons if necessary." From that time on Rhodes's contempt increased and he became more or less estranged from those with whom he had planned the war. What he thought and predicted only Dr. Jameson and a few close friends know. All the public heard was that classic lament, "So little done, so much to do." Even at the moment of dissolution there was apparently no remorse; only disappointment that his life's work should be cut short.

One might almost call Cecil Rhodes a splendid pagan, for he derived his intellectual stimulus entirely from Plato, Homer, Tacitus, Horace and Pliny. As for religion he told W. T. Stead that he believed in it "fifty per cent," much as one would speak of a questionable investment.

His achievement was to set foot upon a dark continent penniless and sickly, to make a fortune, to conquer the black man, to build railroads and telegraph lines, and to finally secure for his mother country a new empire—all in a score of years. During that time the man who watched, feared and, up to death, thwarted him is the aged burgher who still lives that he may regain liberty for his people.



Cecil Rhodes—His Last Picture

ers of all the various concerns in which he was interested, inviting them to subscribe to some new undertaking. If they declined, he usually found some method of forcing them, as, for example, when he asked the De Beers Company for a loan to carry on the war against Lobengula.

On receiving a telegram from Kimberley, "Wish you luck with your war, sorry can't help you," Rhodes promptly sold a block of shares in the British South African Chartered Company in which De Beers was largely interested. This caused



Kaffir Compound, De Beers Mines, Kimberley



A Boer Group, sent as "Typical" by Rhodes to England



Where Rhodes wished to be Buried, on Matoppo Hills

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An Illustrated Monthly Published in the interests of a More Beautiful American Life

EDITED BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

EBEN E. REXFORD, FLORAL EDITOR

HOME AND FLOWERS is unique among periodicals—covering a new field. It seeks to make the world beautiful, and teaches a nobler conception of life and success—how to make the most of what one has. Every family needs it, and once introduced into a home our magazine becomes a permanent and welcome monthly visitor. Current issues contain articles on many life topics, among them the following:

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BY ELEANOR WHITING

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The above are samples of the fees of good things provided in each number of HOME AND FLOWERS. Early issues will tell "How to Enjoy Good Pictures," describe "Flowers in History," and give directions for the care of "The Aquatic Garden." Every month there is all the news of "The Wider Movement for Public Beauty," now attracting so much attention and which has been largely fostered by this magazine. HOME AND FLOWERS is the exponent of the American League for Civic Improvement, composed of local improvement societies from all sections of the country, and which originated the now famous "Model City" Exposition feature.

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Candidates for the Columbia Varsity Crew Practicing on the Harlem

## Sports of the Amateur

Edited by Walter Camp

### ROWING

COLUMBIA'S rowing interests, not so long ago at a very low mark, have within the last few years improved remarkably and bid fair to recover their old high place in college boating annals. Many present day oarsmen forget that Columbia once sent a winning crew to Henley, and that is a thing which no other university has been able to do. Further more, that in the old days Columbia was always regarded as likely to be near the top as far as superiority of rowing talent was concerned. Four or five years ago, however, her position in this respect had sunk to such a point that the editor of the Cornell "Sun" in speaking of her stroke called it "less generally interesting than those of Harvard and Cornell since it lacks the prestige and the typical qualities of these." But since Haulan has come to Columbia a distinct policy has been maintained with the result already noted.

At this writing his crews are just being moved out and having their first week on the water of the Harlem River. In all he has over one hundred men at work, and there is every probability of his boating at least twelve crews and equipping them well. This work on the Harlem will give them opportunities for occasional brushes with other crews which will be of distinct advantage.

One of the most interesting and encouraging features of rowing to-day is its development at Harvard, where without question there is more rowing spirit and more crews than there were in the old days at all the old colleges and universities combined. All this has come about through the club rowing which started with the Weld Club. This club had been leading for some time a decidedly precarious existence when David M. Goodrich, whose name is so well known in Harvard boating annals, realized that something must be done to quicken the almost moribund interest in Harvard rowing. He reorganized the Weld Boat Club, calling out candidates for Weld class crews. There were not a few who laughed at the idea, but for all that there were turned out very speedily five class eights, several four-oars, and a number of singles and pairs.

This was in the year 1896, and in the fall of 1897 the good work was kept up. Three freshman eights, one senior and one junior eight and a half-dozen fours were boated from this club. In the following spring the club organized five regular eight-oared crews besides three scrub eights. Donovan, who was coaching these crews, labored zealously and well, and was assisted by W. S. Youngman of the class of '95 as well as Orton and Stephenson of '97. In that spring Donovan took a number of men who desired to keep up their rowing and with them as a basis brought out one of the fastest short distance crews that had rowed on the Charles River, besides getting out good intermediate and junior crews. He entered his men in the Metropolitan regatta and won six out of the seven races.

This year twenty crews, or some two hundred men, are working daily on the Charles River, and will keep this up until the class races in April. From these class races a selection will be made of the university rowing squad numbering about twenty-two men. This number will be gradually reduced until the two eights are left, from which the university crew will be chosen.

At New Haven the material cannot compare with that of Harvard in numbers. Not that Yale would be sorry to see a Weld or Newell Club at New Haven, but unfortunately there is no equipment for this kind of thing and the best that can be done is to turn out a limited number of men for freshman and university oars. The university squad consists of some seventeen men, and these men have been taken to training table. From that number will be selected the varsity eight and the four-oar. In this number are four members of last year's varsity and the principal men of last year's freshman crews. The old varsity men are Kunzig, Bogue, Waterman and Johnson. Then there is McClintock, who was tried for full back on the football team last fall, and Hewitt, another junior. The rest of the men are Laws, Weymouth, Judson, Cross, Ackley, Coffin, Scott, Strong, Adams, Sargent, Levering, Stubbs, Auchincloss and Miller. These men make up the entire number.

At the University of Pennsylvania under

Captain Ellis Ward the crews are working hard to keep up Pennsylvania's record in aquatics. There has been a good deal of shifting, some of it regarded as disciplinary, and at this writing there is by no means an ending of the shuffling up. The varsity crew, which, previous to some of Ward's changes, twice suffered defeat at the hands of the second crew, was made up as follows: Stroke Zane, Gardner, Allen, Gillespie, Eckfelt, Zane, Culbert and Henderson, while the second crew had Hildebrand at stroke, backed by Schisler, Shock, Jackson, Lea, Pepper, Morgan and Kellar. Hildebrand is developing as a stroke and is looked upon with great favor by many. Eisenbrey is now back again in the boat, as well as Keazey, a man of much promise.

### HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

The Crescent Club won the championship of the Amateur Hockey League by defeating the team of the New York Athletic Club at the Clermont Avenue Rink, thus making the third consecutive year in which this Brooklyn organization has carried off first honors in hockey. The game was one-sided as far as the score was concerned, but was by no means an uninteresting contest. It was a little rough, as might have been expected, and there was something more than body checking during the struggle. At one time it came near degenerating into fistfights, but the referee interfered and stopped the fracas.

Lifton and Hornfeck started the work by facing off the puck, going down toward the Crescent men. In the first half there was plenty of hard work, but the honors were about evenly divided. With the beginning of the second half, however, the play became faster and more accurate. Hornfeck secured a shot at the Crescent goal, but the puck did not get into the net. Then the Crescents rushed it up the rink, and Dobby had a turn, but he failed, as did Hornfeck. He soon had another opportunity, and this time put the puck straight in. This, however, did not discourage the New Yorkers, and Clark came up through the Crescents with the puck, passed it neatly to Hornfeck, who sent it flying into the Crescents' net.

After this the play became rougher, and the Crescents began to get the better of their opponents. The referee would take a player off the ice for roughness, and by the time he got back another would be on the bench. The deprivation of players, however, made little difference in the score, and the Crescents began to crowd the New Yorkers more and more. Dobby doing excellent work, as did also Kennedy. By the end of the second half the Crescents had added four more goals to the score, thus winning by 5 to 1.

WALTER CAMP.

### POLO

IN view of the international polo matches to be played at Hurlingham, England, during the Coronation festivities, between teams made up of picked representatives from the polo clubs of Great Britain and America, it is worthy of note that the team representing the United States will have to play under English rules. The two essential points in which the English game differs from the American game are off-side play and hooking mallets. The English allow hooking mallets and they do not allow off-side play. A word of explanation as to how this difference in the rules affects the game may not be inappropriate at this time.

The American rules are so framed that the individual has the greatest possible freedom in playing the game. In America it is a foul penalized by one-half a goal for a player to intercept an opponent's stroke by blocking the attempt to hit the ball with a rival stick—and this is what is meant by hooking mallets. In England it is considered good playing and pretty work to spoil a man's stroke just at the moment he is about to connect with the ball, and it will be no easy matter for the American players to familiarize themselves with this rule and remember it in the heat of conflict. Both Messrs. Keene and Cowden of the American team have played under English rules, but the other three players, the Messrs. Waterbury and Mr. Agassiz, have never had any experience under English methods of playing the game, although they undoubtedly know how to hook a mallet.

This custom of checking strokes will no doubt be a handicap on the American team,





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as the players are liable to be disconcerted in their game if the Englishmen are nimble enough to get their American opponents. One tendency that hooking mallets may have is to retard the action of the game, but the advocates of this rule claim that it induces more scientific play and a man should receive as much credit for blocking a well-intended drive as the player who is successful in making a neat place stroke on a clever shot for goal.

The offside rule is another obstacle that the Americans will have to contend with in their effort to bring home the cup. This offside rule is practically the same in its application to polo as "offside" is in the American college game of football.

In American polo, where the offside rule is not in force, it is a common practice among "number ones" to remain loose of the opposing back, wait for the ball to come up to him and then shoot off on a quick dash for goal. This is a favorite trick of Allan Forbes of the Dedham team that won the championship in 1900, and was also successfully practiced by C. Randolph Snowden of the Devon team. In England, however, the "number ones" do not have this opportunity, as the forward cannot touch the ball when it is served up to him, because he is offside. This gives the back more protection, as he has an entirely free shot in returning the ball. The text of the English rule is appended:

"No player who is offside shall hit the ball, or shall in any way prevent the opposite side from reaching or hitting the ball. A player is offside when at the time of the ball being hit he has no one of the opposite side nearer the adversaries' goal line or that line produced, and he is neither in possession of the ball nor behind one of his own side who is in possession. The goal line means the eight-yard line between the goal posts. The position of the players to be considered at the time the ball was last hit; i.e., a player, if on side when the ball was last hit, remains on side until it is hit again."

One effect this offside rule has on the game is that the players must stick more closely to their individual opponents, placing a premium on concerted effort rather than "the individual run," which is oftentimes hailed with great glee by enthusiasts along the side lines. The individual run seldom results in a score in a well-played match, and it is not considered sound polo, as the man who goes out for individual honors rarely accomplishes anything. The American players will leave for England the latter part of April, and they will have some three weeks' practice at Roehampton and Ranelagh before the international matches take place at Hurlingham.

The English team will probably be made up of Cecil Nickalls, George Miller, Walter Buckmaster and Charles Miller.

J. J. McNAMARA.

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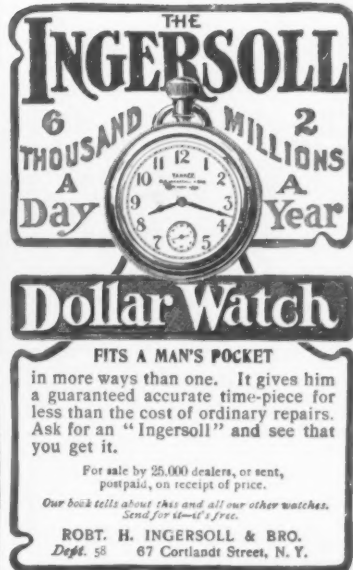
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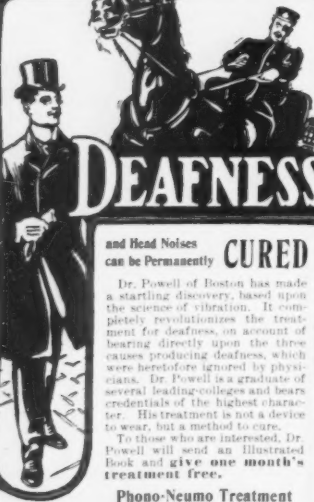
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## Kentucky Saddle-Horses

By John Gilmer Speed

THE EARLIEST pioneers in settling Kentucky made laws to encourage the breeding of horses, and there were race and training tracks on that far frontier even in the times when the Indians were still fighting for their favorite hunting-ground.

This long attention to horses, together with a soil and climate particularly well adapted for breeding farms, has resulted in the production of animals of such peculiar excellence that for nothing else is this interesting commonwealth more famous than for her race and other horses. Moreover, the breeding of good horses has been a source of wonderful wealth—a wealth so abundant that the most prodigal hospitality and wasteful methods of husbandry have not exhausted it as they continued to do in Virginia long before the Civil War struck the final blow that laid the Old Dominion in the dust of poverty.

Kentucky does not produce one kind of horse alone, but many kinds, each with an excellence of its own unapproached by the similar sort in other sections. There has been so much good horse blood taken to Kentucky and produced there that there are few entirely cold blooded horses in the State. This is so well known to United States cavalry officers that they are all anxious to secure their mounts there, for it is an acknowledged fact that a troop mounted on Kentucky horses can go very much further and faster and still be in good condition than a troop mounted on horses from Ohio or Michigan or Illinois. This is due to the general infusion of the good blood that comes from the thoroughbred and from the Arabs that from time to time were taken to that State.

I need to think that the ideal saddle horse was the thoroughbred; but this, notwithstanding the Kentucky love for thoroughbreds, is not the kind of horse that is chosen for the saddle by Kentuckians generally and trained to go the various gaits which go to make such a horse's accomplishments. But the Kentucky saddle horse is pretty highly bred—sometimes half bred and sometimes three-quarters.

The founder of the most famous of Kentucky saddle-horse families was a successful racehorse and is usually set down as a thoroughbred. But Denmark, through Old Potomac, the very famous Virginia racehorse, had a very cold streak, and nothing save a stretch of courtesy makes us include him in the list of royalties.

However this may be, it is undoubtedly true that the descendants of Denmark have proved to be as fine saddle-horses as the world has seen. I think they are not nearly as common in Kentucky as they once were, for the trail of the Hambletonian serpent is found in Kentucky as elsewhere. And the pollution has been even more harmful than in other places, for the horse-breeding interest was of more importance to the people of the State than the same interest was in other places where the industries are more diversified.

The typical Kentucky saddle-horse is a very bloodlike animal, as it is natural that he should be. I think his head and neck are more graceful than that of the thoroughbred and almost equal to that great steed of the desert from whom has come all of the eminent horse families and types in the world.

When I was a youth—alas! a long time ago—a saddle-horse in the Blue Grass country was not considered properly trained until he could go as many gaits as a French dancing-master. He had to walk, trot, canter, gallop, rack or single foot, fox-trot and do a running walk. When a horse had been taught to do all of these things at the signal or command, it may be believed that a tremendous amount of patience had been expended on him.

The Denmarks and the Dreunons, however, took to all of these tricks very naturally, and did them all with grace and dash. The modern rider, whether English or of English teachings and traditions, will wonder why in the world any man wanted a horse to do these things. Some even will look upon them with the contempt that most of us feel for the high school horses that the French and Germans affect.

But it is a mistake to think those gaits useless or unprofitable. Suppose a man has to be in the saddle a better part of the day, as many planters in the South have to be during the busy season. Now a man does not wish to get uncomfortably warm so that when he dismounts he will have to change his clothes and take a tub. He is not riding for exercise or for his health, but on business. To such a man a horse with a smooth fox-trot, a quick running walk, or even the rack, is much more valuable than any other. He can cover a great deal of ground with a minimum of discomfort to himself. The lope of the cow-puncher's pony is not so easy on the rider, however it may be with the horse.

Horse-breeding is not extensively practiced much further South than Tennessee, and it used to be that that State and Kentucky supplied the bulk of the saddle-horses for the cotton-growing section, in which pretty

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nearly all save the poverty-stricken poor whites did their business and made journeys as well on horseback.

The universal practice of the art of equitation in the South cost this country hundreds of millions of dollars and a vast treasure in life in that great rebellion when the North and the South crossed swords and fought to a finish.

Every man in the South when the war began was more or less of a horseman. It was the easiest thing in the world to organize an efficient cavalry. The South had such an arm from the beginning.

The North had to create a cavalry, and it took long to do it. Until this was accomplished the armies met on unequal terms, with the advantage against the North, notwithstanding her vast superiority in numbers, in wealth and resources generally. If the North could have had as efficient a cavalry service as the South from the beginning this picturesque arm of the service would have seen more active duty.

Good saddle-horses and good horsemen are valuable assets to a nation both in peace and in war. That is a reason which makes me believe that every country should take an active concern in the building up of proper reproducing horse types. Horse-breeding is a science like any other, and not every man with the price of a farm and a few animals is necessarily qualified for it.

There have been some, notably the late Robert Bonner, particularly disqualified. Such men in furthering their fads and riding their hobbies do an immense deal of harm. The mythical pedigree of Rysdyk's Hambletonian is now printed seriously in serious books, and there are no doubt hundreds of good and honest men who believe in it as though it were gospel truth. It is as false as that false theory, like begets like, which has come near to ruining several American horse types of great use and value.

The Kentucky saddle-horse has been spared extermination because this theory did not apply to him. Saddle-horses do not go in for track records, so there was no convenient way to group them and mate them by this false theory. There has, however, never been enough of them to go around, and they now command, when of a high class, prices which a score of years ago would have been considered fabulous. Those that are sent to the great cities for the park riders to use are not trained in all the gaits. The park rider does not cure for other gaits than the walk, the trot, and the canter.

When a shapely horse can do these perfectly he will command as high a price as a hunter or a good roadster. And these horses do not make bad hunters nor yet inferior roadsters. Their natural capacity for gaits makes them very adaptable, and they easily learn to go over timber and some of them are capital in light harness. I remember once in Kentucky we had amateur races for both runners and trotters. One afternoon a gentleman, now well known as a club man in New York, drove a highly bred mare in harness and won two heats and the race; and two hours later he rode the same mare two miles over eight hurdles and won again. She was very nearly thoroughbred, and at that time she was considered a marvel, for the idea that thoroughbred blood improves the trotter was not then believed in.

I am an absolutely firm believer in the value and the potency of the Arab blood, and I think that it would be of immense good to the country if more of it were combined with the basic stock that is common in the various sections. And I can see only very great good to come from a union of what are known as American-Arabs and these Kentucky saddle-horses which are already rich in Arab blood.

Last autumn in this paper I told about the interesting stud of American Arabs owned by Mr. Randolph Huntington at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and later I should be glad to return to the same subject to show that unless from this source, or some other one equally good, though where that may be found I do not know, we get new leaven, we will lose even our excellent saddle-horses as we have all but lost those famous families of old, the Morgans, the Clays and the Goldusts.

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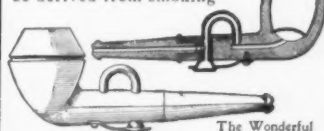
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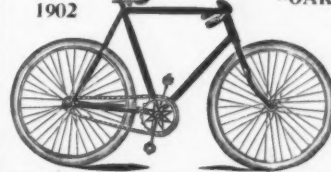
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